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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 4, 1941

AIR COMMODORE WINSTON CHURCHILL IN R.A.F. UNIFORM: DURING A VISIT TO No. 615 FIGHTER SQUADRON (OF WHICH HE IS HONORARY AIR COMMODORE) THE PRIME MINISTER MEETS THE PILOTS IN THE MESS

In April 1939, Mr. Winston Churchill was appointed Honorary Air Commodore of No. 615 Squadron: a few days ago he visited his squadron, and spent some time inspecting the aerodrome, later taking tea with the officers in the Mess. The Prime Minister was accompanied by Mrs. Churchill: both are seen in the above picture shaking hands with the squadron pilots. For this occasion Mr. Winston Churchill appeared in R.A.F. uniform for the first time, and wore the three rows of medal ribbons to which he is entitled, but which he rarely exhibits. The first of these dates back to Cuba, 1895, when he served with the Spanish forces; others include the Malakand Field Force of 1897; the Nile Expedition of 1898; the Battle of Khartoum; the South African War, and the Great War of 1914-18. (*See also picture on p. 5*)

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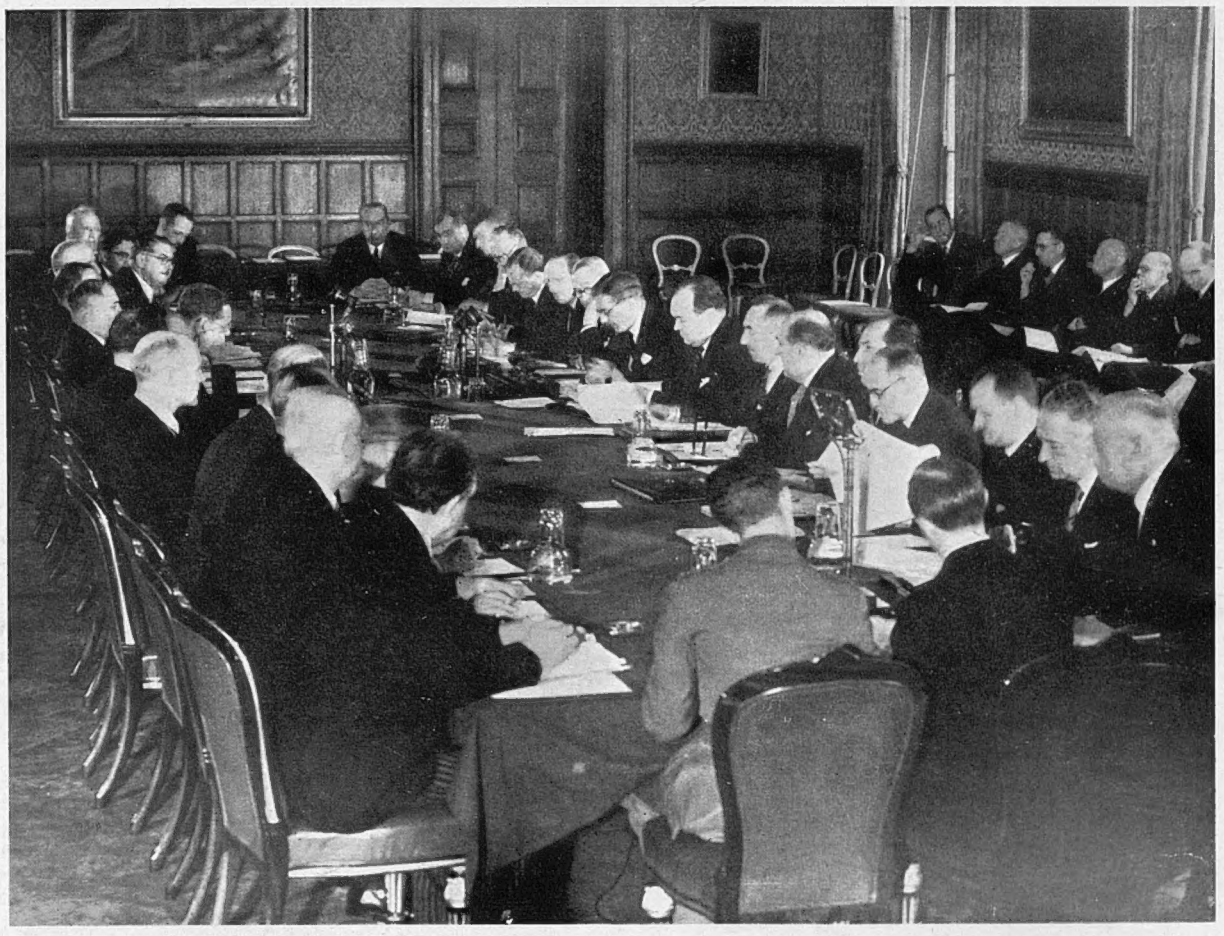
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 109

1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

The Bounds of Possibility.—"The Germans are sending to the Russian Front their seasoned troops from the occupied countries, and filling their places with raw recruits and middle-aged reservists. Is it beyond the bounds of possibility to check this movement of reinforcements [i.e., against Russia]?" So *The Times* leader of Wednesday, September 17. I merely record this mild hint of what is in its mind, under its date. A month ago less sober journals were saying the same thing broadly. Seven weeks ago the heady "sensationals" were saying it very broadly. The hint must sting many a keen young company commander of Home and Empire forces locked up in Britain, trying to keep sweet and fresh the finest-trained (and now at last adequately equipped) army which Britain ever produced. Spoiling for a fight. . . . Mercifully, no armchair strategist has told the Higher Command at home precisely what aid it ought to make in the occupied territories—at some point or another—to make that diversion which to-day is by Russia so vitally needed, to produce even in microcosm a war on two land-fronts to ease the pressure on Leningrad. Such a diversion—even a moderate-sized raid—needs weeks of careful preparation after exact surveys of terrain and its garrisons. It is now three months since the "godsent opportunity which may not recur for a year" arrived. We wait patiently. Perhaps one day before Christmas we shall awake to find that diversion in progress. The Army propagandists constantly tell us of their "shock-troop" efficiency. But we are warned that we cannot risk another Dunkirk, even in miniature; that only fools do something rash because they fear irresponsible criticism of flabbiness or inertia; we hear whispers that we can't spare the ships; that invasion of Britain is nearer than we suppose; that the enslaved nations are not yet ripe to help us; and so on. Sometimes a bold man asks his neighbour if we, like France, have a defence complex; if the Channel is as fatally our defence complex as was the Maginot Line that of France. Silence, no doubt, is best. I have recorded the date when even *The Times* succumbed to a polite hint of what is in the public mind. I may one day look back in the files to that date.

Better Left Unsaid.—Listen . . . and laugh. The Secretary for Scotland told a Scots audience the other day that they could take it as beyond dispute that the Nazi air-offensive over Britain, this new "bombing season," would be at least one-third less in intensity than last season's, and that our air-counter is quite one-third stronger. . . . In short, that the worst is past as regards air bombing. It can never be so bad again. At the same hour, the selected Governmental Jeremiahs of that week were assuring us that we must expect appalling and unprecedented reprisals for all the devastation which, largely unchecked and unanswered, we have rained on Germany in the last months. We must key ourselves up to unexampled trials and go all out to repair the gaps in our defences against air attack. Alas! they forgot Mr. Johnston. Mr. Johnston, in search of something to say, spoke words of hope and comfort, and practically made a nonsense of the official gipsy-warning of that week. We need better co-ordination of policy in this important (?) branch of home propaganda. Silence we cannot expect from orators-in-office. But they should all boast as one voice and whine as one voice; else, they waste their breath for propaganda purposes. Else, the sauce of their propaganda will not be sauce even for the proper goose. Yet in writing this, I must be fair to Mr. Johnston. I did not hear his speech. The reporters of the daily Press, who did hear it, merely extracted one plum from it (I doubt not) which suited their palates—one sentence torn from its context may grossly misrepresent the speaker's argument. I have no doubt that this sentence from Mr. Johnston's speech was in fact torn from its context in such a way. The point is, that *all* Ministerial speeches are so treated, and that in consequence the public is daily confused by the apparent contradictions of Government spokesmen. And that is why I so often argue that Ministers should talk less, and think the more.



THE INTER-ALLIED CONFERENCE HELD IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE which was attended by representatives of every Allied Government on September 24

At this momentous Conference unanimous acclaim was given to the Atlantic Charter formulated by Mr. Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt. M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, made the first declaration; and he was followed by the Ambassadors, High Commissioners and Ministers of the other Allies, each of whom gave his country's view of the Charter and pledged all effort against the common enemy. In this picture, reading round the table from the top left-hand corner to the right-hand corner, are seen the following: Mr. W. J. Jordan; Mr. S. Waterson; Mr. S. Lal; M. Sutej and M. Nincic of Yugoslavia; M. Bogomolov and M. Maisky of Russia; Count Raczynski and M. Strasburger of Poland; M. Lie and Major Sunde of Norway; Dr. Van Kleffens, Dr. Steenberghe and M. Welter of the Netherlands; M. Bech of Luxembourg; M. Varvaressos and M. Tsouderos of Greece; M. Dejean and M. Cassin of Free France; M. Osusky and M. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia; M. Gutt and M. Spaak of Belgium; Mr. A. Eden; Mr. A. Greenwood; Lord Cranborne; Mr. L. S. Amery; Lord Moyne; Mr. R. Law; Mr. Frederic Hudd; and Mr. S. M. Bruce

The £ s. d. of Politics.—For many years many Conservatives (lacking seats) and others with votes to cast and strong views on the ideals which should govern selection of candidates for Parliament, have cried out against the "financial guarantees" which certain Conservative constituency associations brazenly exact from an aspirant, and, in so exacting, limit the choice of candidates to men with private fortunes. Now once more the Central Council N.U.C. and U. Associations is trying to end this evil thing. I wonder if anything will come of it, unless it comes from economic causes outside the purview of the Council. For a decade hence the money bagman will be a rarity, and the greedy local organisation must whistle in vain for its "perks." The trouble has always been the degree of discipline which the Central Council could exercise over the local organisations. Some sort of control it admittedly had in ensuring that no candidate was chosen to whom the Party leader could not accord his support, but it never dared extend its authority to control the "financial" conditions which decided the choice by the local organisation. "General principles" it did venture to lay down, but it has never tried to resist even glaring instances of disregard of those principles which sought to prevent the "sale" of seats to the highest bidder. It has long been a sorrow to loyal Conservatives that their Party should have been, in local instances, in the van in this sordid, sorry business, so degrading to politics, so damaging to the reputation of Parliament, so injurious to the standard of efficiency among M.P.s. And even now, so loose is the Central Council's control and authority, I doubt whether the efforts of Caxton Hall can achieve more than, or as much as, post-war economic conditions will bring about for the curing of this capitalistic sore.

"Our Ninth Point."—I am still left racking my brain over the peculiar importance of Lord Vansittart's discoveries as to the guilt of the German nation as a whole. With the paper shortage as acute as it is (so that established "best-sellers" cannot be supplied to thousands of would-be purchasers of good books), it seems odd that so much paper should be wasted on establishing a point about which there appears to be no shade of dispute. What *is* this ninth point in our Atlantic Charter? It is clearly set forth among the eight that *this time* disarmament of Germany shall be complete, and shall be maintained while any danger exists from German militarism. That may be for fifty years. The most exuberant supporter of Lord Vansittart's judgment dares not suggest any cure beyond total disarmament. None has suggested mass extirpation of the German race, emasculation of the male population, and so forth. What remains but total, unilateral disarmament, and further efforts towards civilising education? The time to flog this donkey will come when once more we begin to forget the lessons about the character of the blond beast, learned in the past fifty years of misery and anxiety. At the moment we merely waste energy and paper, both vitally needed for more urgent tasks. We can only reduce the number of the race of blond beasts during war. The Russians are doing their bit and their best in this line. Let us get on with the business, too, and talk less about what we can't do in peace. There is no peace at present, and it is not around the corner.

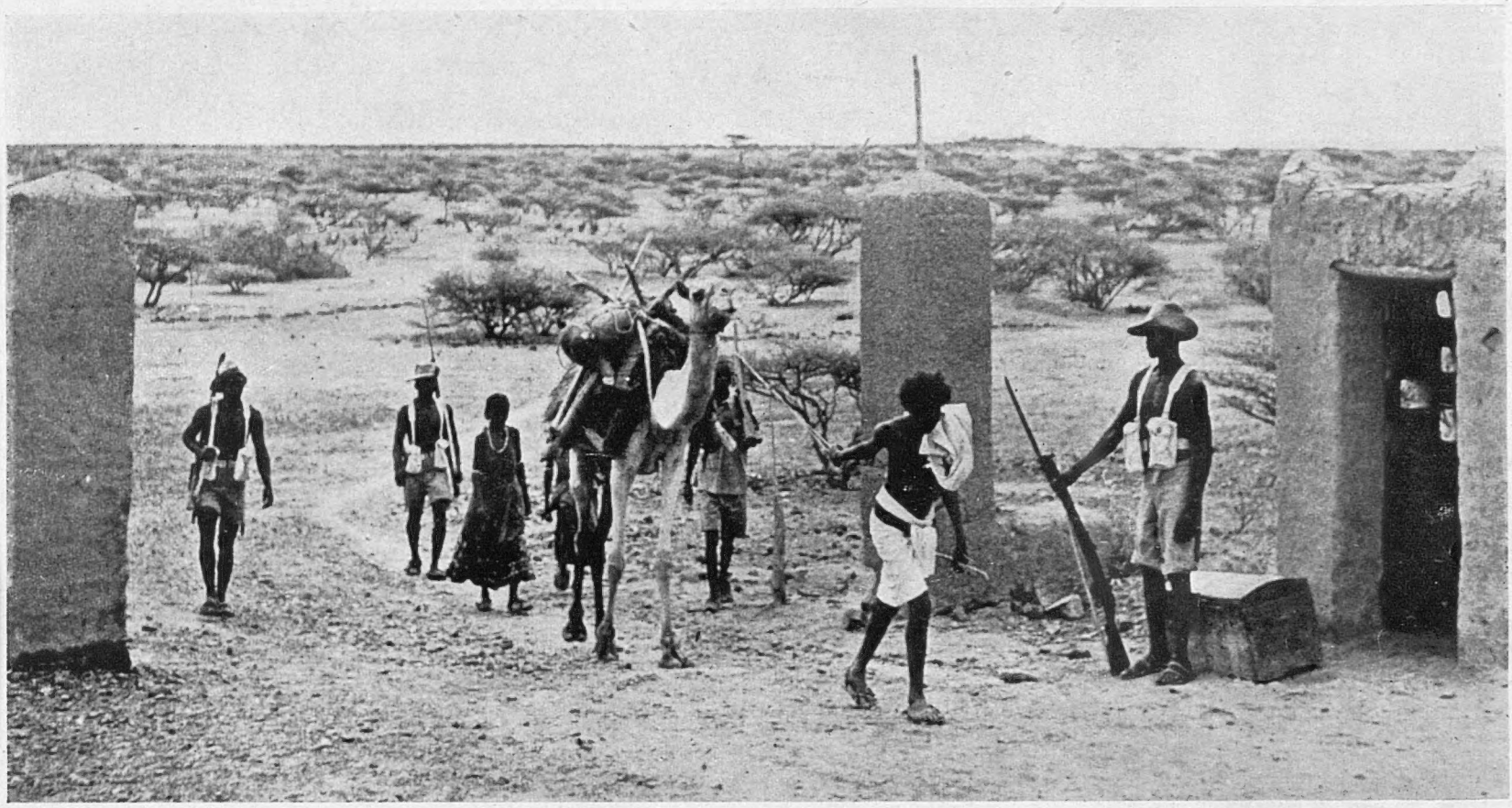
Thanks to Readers.—Once in a while, I collect and re-read letters of appreciation from readers of the "War Newsletters," and return thanks to them in a common paragraph, to save postage and time. It is a wartime expedient. I wish I could still answer their charming letters individually. In the last weeks there have been more than usual of such welcome encouragements, and I appreciate them very much. To be *consistent* is impossible. It is not for journalists under the best of conditions, nor is it for mortals. And for myself I am glad it is so, for to be consistent is to be static, and to be static is to be dead. I do not aim at consistency, since changing conditions change my own opinions constantly and radically. But a journalist in wartime can still try (and it is damnably difficult to succeed) to be just, to be restrained, to restrict his observations to matters of which he knows at least a little, to talk sense within the narrow compass of his experience, and, above all, to sift hearsay and try to pass on nothing that appears to him non-proven, that may be false, exaggerated, twisted or rumour-ridden. Journalism is always a difficult job. Which leads me to mention the difficulties which to-day face the editors and permanent staffs of newspapers and journals. Spare a thought for them in their trials and marvel at the service they can still give you. They have no visible stocks of paper, they live under the shadow of sudden disasters, their technical staffs grow daily beautifully less, costs of production continually rise with all other items of overhead costs, they are fettered by wartime regulations, and the distribution of their papers grows harder and harder. If you can spare a pat on the back to their free-lance contributors (who are by comparison in clover), you should reserve a hearty thump of appreciation for those who sit in the maelstrom of "Fleet Street." And in my view, as long as men have eyes to read with, their newspapers will be of infinitely more value to them than the best which their ears may absorb from that boosted box of tricks, the wireless chatter-box. Nothing can kill journalism, nothing can destroy the Street of Adventure and the ink-well.

The Old Stager

TOTAL BLOCKADE at DJIBOUTI

Djibouti is the harbour for French Somaliland: it has been more or less in the news ever since the subjugation of the Italian forces in Abyssinia and the return of that country to its rightful ruler. General Wavell sent two ultimatums to the Vichy Governor at Djibouti and now there have been reports of other moves against the colony. A total blockade of French Somaliland has been in operation for some time: by land, sea and air Djibouti has been cut off from the outside world. The King's African Rifles have been responsible for certain sections of the land frontier, on which they have been keeping a constant watch. The pictures reproduced on this page, which come from official sources, show the activities at one of these frontier posts

A VIEW OF THE OBSERVATION POST WHICH SITS HIGH ABOVE THE FRENCH SOMALILAND FRONTIER AT WARRE KAFULE. From this post the men of the King's African Rifles keep constant watch on all the activities along a wide stretch of the frontier

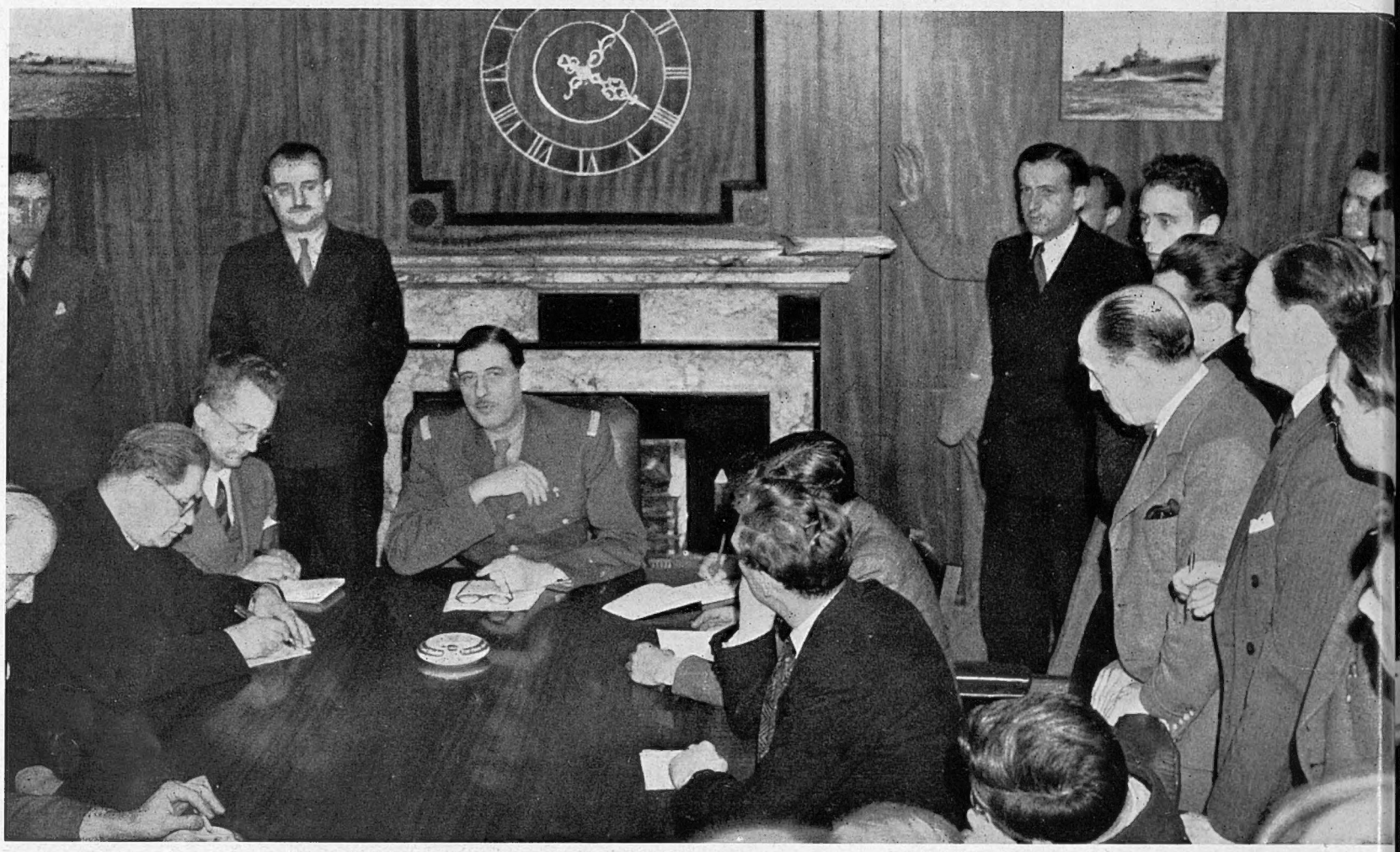


A NATIVE BLOCKADE-RUNNER and his party are being brought in by the King's African Rifles after having been intercepted during the night

THE NATIVE BLOCKADE-RUNNER, AND HIS TWO WOMEN COMPANIONS, are here being interrogated in the camp by the Commanding Officer after capture

FREE FRENCH SENEGALESE TROOPS AT THE FRONTIER, facing the post at Loyada, inviting the Vichy French troops to desert

FOUR IMPORTANT CONFERENCES in ENGLAND and the NEAR EAS



GENERAL DE GAULLE, LEADER OF THE FREE FRENCH, OUTLINES IMPORTANT PROPOSALS TO THE PRESS: Surrounded by British, Empire, American and Al representatives, the General makes his plans known in his London Headquarters

Recently returned from a long tour of the French Colonies which have declared their loyalty to his cause, General de Gaulle has just made some very important decisions concerning the political direction of the Free French movement. A National Committee has now been formed, which is in effect a Provisional Government with authority over all Free French territories and to work co-operation with the Free French armed forces. It may now be possible t the De Gaulle movement will be officially recognised by the United St and other countries in sympathy with his cause

THE MAN WHO HELPED TO ORGANISE THE REVOLT AGAINST THE ITALIANS IN ABYSSINIA TELLS HIS OWN STORY: Brigadier D. A. Sandford at a Military Press Confere at the Ministry of Information in London

The British Brigadier seen above (leaning forward to tell his wonderful story) is one of five Englishmen who organised the patriots of Abyssinia in their struggle against the Italians and ultimately set Haile Selassie back on his throne. To-day Brigadier Sandford is the military and political adviser to the Emp in Addis Ababa. His story has just been told in full at a special confere at the Ministry of Information, seen in progress above

E PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. CHURCHILL TAKE TEA WITH THE OFFICERS OF NO. 615 FIGHTER : This is the Squadron of which Mr. Churchill is Honorary Commodore

o. 615 Squadron is one of the Auxiliary Squadrons of the R.A.F. formed fore the war and in continuous action since September 1939. Mr. Winston urchill was appointed Honorary Air Commodore of it on April 5, 1939 : a v days ago he paid a visit of inspection to the aerodrome the Squadron now nabits and took tea with the officers in the mess. It is not often that the Prime Minister dons R.A.F. uniform, nor does he often exhibit his fine array of medal ribbons : on this occasion he wore both ! Accompanying him was Mrs. Churchill. After an inspection of the aerodrome and R.A.F. personnel, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill shook hands with all the pilots, before proceeding to tea

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN EGYPT GIVES A PARTY FOR BRITISH AND INDIAN OFFICERS

eneral Sir Claude Auchinleck, the British Commander in the Middle East, has st given a tea-party at his house in Egypt for British and Indian officers under s command. Some of these had been taken prisoner by the enemy during the campaign in Syria and had only recently been returned under the terms of the Syrian Armistice, after having toured Europe—there and back ! Other officers had just arrived at Headquarters on leave from Tobruk

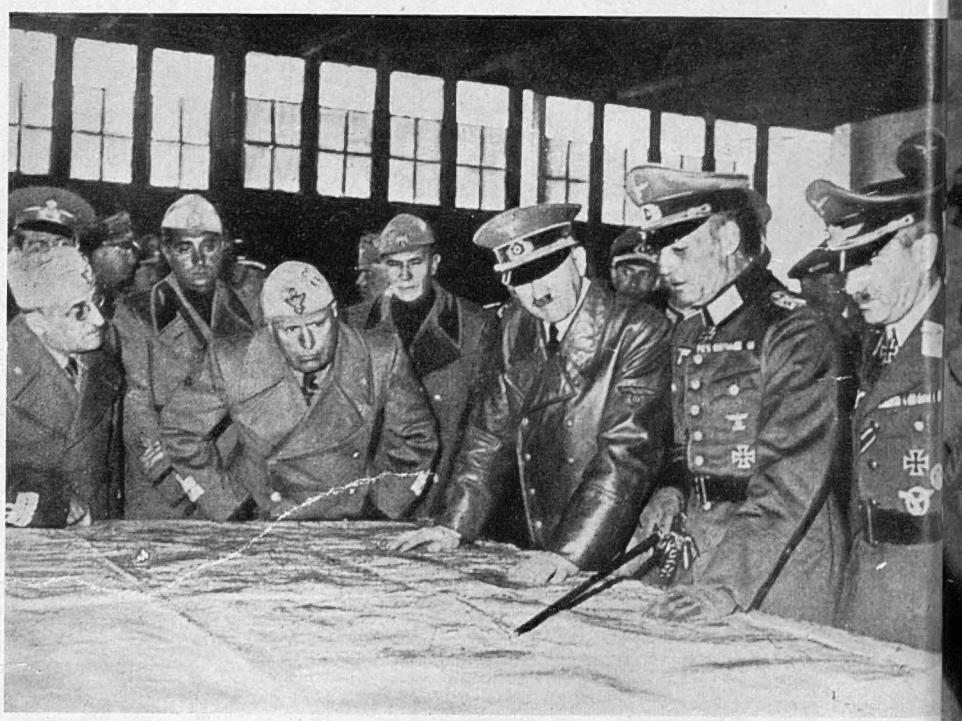
THE LATEST PICTURES FROM THE RUSSIAN FRO

THE NEW ZEALANDER WHO IS COMMANDING THE R.A.F. SQUADRONS OPERATING ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT—Wing-Commander H. N. G. Ramsbotham-Isherwood : Born at Petone, in New Zealand, in 1905 and educated at St. Mary's School, Galong, in New South Wales, Australia, Wing-Commander Ramsbotham-Isherwood joined the firm of Clouston and Co. in 1927 : he had already been commissioned in 1924 in the New Zealand Territorial Army. In 1930 he became a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F., and in 1931 he served in India with No. 27 Bomber Squadron. In 1935 he was attached to No. 54 Fighter Squadron for flying duties at home : later in the same year he was transferred to No. 35 Bomber Squadron and posted to the Middle East for flying duties. The following year he went to the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment for duties in the Armament Testing Section. He was promoted to Flight Lieutenant in the same year ; and was awarded the A.F.C. in July 1940

MOBILE WARFARE : A heavily armed Russian reconnaissance unit, including a machine-gun de ment, leave their assembly point in Army lorries for operations against the Germans

GERMANY'S LATEST FIGHTER-AIRCRAFT MEET THE SOVIET DEFENCES : This is the plane of Ober-Le Reinhardt Hein, Commander of a German Squadron of Messerschmitt 109Fs (the latest type of German aircraft). It was brought down by a Soviet anti-aircraft battery, and Hein was taken prisoner. He ha been flying over England, France and other countries—so it is stated

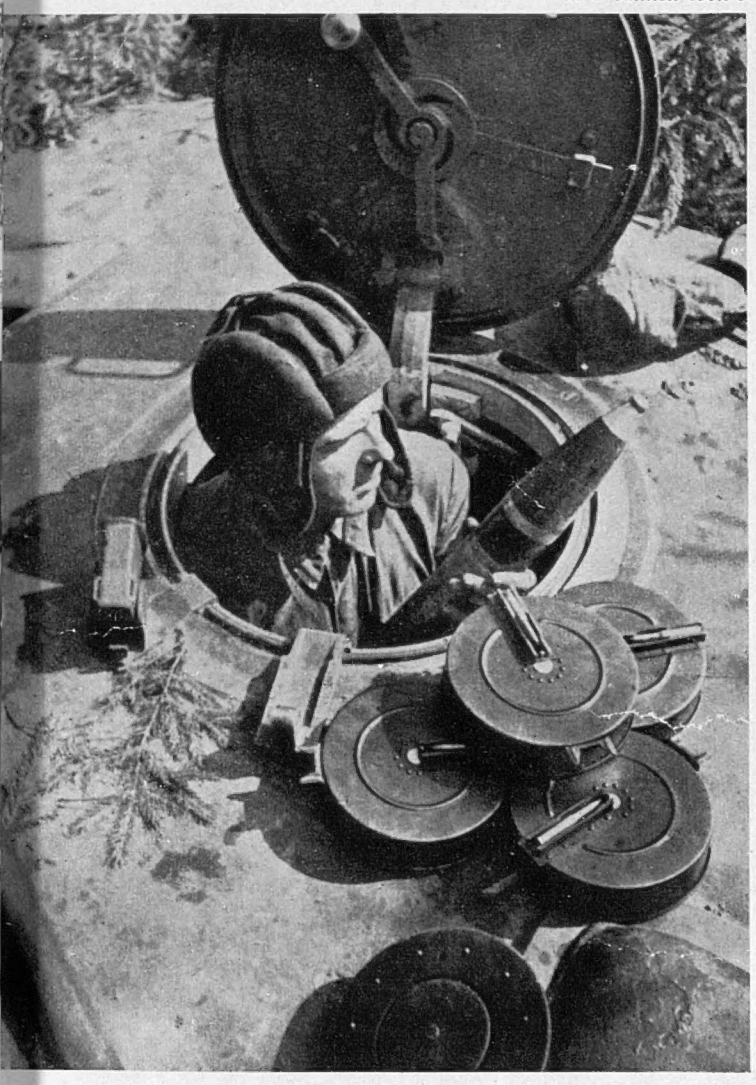
THE "LESSER JACKAL" WITH HIS MASTER : A picture taken during Mussolini's visit to Hitler on the Russian front. The "lesser jackal," as the Prime Minister has called him, is obviously belted and corseted to restrain his bulging figure ; and Hitler himself presents facial characteristics which are usually carefully eliminated when his own photographers take his portrait



THE MEETING OF THE AXIS CHIEFS "AT THE FRONT" : After having conferred with Hitler at his Headquarters, Mussolini and his Master proceeded to inspect the Battle Front—from a safe distance. He the two Axis leaders : General von Rundstedt is outlining to them his plan of campaign on the large-sca on the table. On his left is General Lohr, the officer commanding the German Air Force in the Ukraine un-military-looking figure on Mussolini's right is the Chief of the Italian Army, General Cavallero—more re for his prowess in commerce than in war !

IE HOODED MEN OF LENINGRAD : Spotters of a Soviet Anti-Aircraft Gun Detachment, wearing their curious hooded camouflage capes, keeping watch for enemy planes in a sunken look-out post at the approaches to the city

Reports from the Eastern front—and in particular from Leningrad and Moscow—have indicated that, by night, the German bombers have experienced but little of the bombing successes they expected. In the daytime, however, in recent battles around Leningrad of the past fortnight, it would appear that the Stuka dive-bombers have been particularly active and destructive, despite the vigour of the city's anti-aircraft defences. The city has been subjected to attacks of great intensity and much damage has been caused. Ringing the Northern capital are a series of strong defensive posts similar to that shown in the above picture : the gun-crews inhabit pits in the ground, and all wear camouflage coats to conceal their positions from aerial observation



TANKING UP IN RUSSIA" : An unusual picture of a Soviet tank taking on supplies—a shell for the large gun and drums of ammunition for the machine-guns. Note the bits of foliage camouflage still in position on the tank

GERMAN HORSED TRANSPORT ON THE MOVE IN THE WAR ZONE : One feature of the war in Russia which has surprised many observers is the employment by the Germans of horsed transport on a large scale. The terrain in places, and the roads, are such that long streams of lorry convoys would definitely prove impracticable. Whilst the Germans have, in recent years, been making abundant use of mechanised transport, they have never (contrary to the popular idea) abandoned horses : now that well-tried beast of burden is being put to great use, and during the coming winter it may be found necessary to make even greater use of horsed transport

CAN WE LIGHTEN the LOT of the CHANNEL ISLANDERS?

The Only Part of the Whole British Empire Which has Fallen into German Hands, the Channel Islands have now been in Occupation by the Nazis for Fifteen Months. In this Article the Present Position of the Islanders is Reviewed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

FIFTEEN months after the German occupation of the Channel Islands, complaints of lack of sympathy and help from Britain are still being voiced. It is averred that we of the Big Isle, Government and general public alike, continue to show little or no concern for the fate of the Channel Islanders, both those left behind and those who were evacuated. I expressly recover the words of an M.P., as used in writing to the Press here. The Islanders have no Member representing them at Westminster, but they have not lacked spokesmen in either House.

When grievances extend to the person of Mr. Churchill himself, it seems to be time to try and get to the bottom of them. A noble lord has, in effect, just announced that " the men of Jersey and Guernsey—thousands serving in H.M. Forces—their land and families handed over (for the first time in their history) to the enemy, marvel that the Prime Minister has no word of sympathy or comfort for them in their utter desolation."

I am sure most of us here realise that the Channel Islands, as the only portion of British soil occupied by the enemy, should come first in our list of cares for the captive peoples. We have taken over vast spaces in Africa and the Middle East, but we have temporarily lost these 45,000 acres bang next to us and united to us for nearly 900 years. There sits the enemy on Guernsey, barely 90 miles from Plymouth. It is not a thing the most casual person can exactly overlook, and if we have not yet had a piece of Churchillian oratory directed at Jersey and Guernsey (there are reports that Alderney and Sark only contain German personnel), we must look elsewhere for the cause than to an unthinking lack of sympathy. In point of fact, the King has lauded the Channel Islanders in warmest language, and were it considered helpful to revert to similar sentiments over the broadcast system there would assuredly be no hanging back. But one has to weigh the possible effect of reiteration on the Germans. Would it be of positive aid to the Channel Islanders, who, one understands, while permitted as yet to retain their wireless sets and to listen to the B.B.C., are not allowed to mention the Royal Family in prayer or to play the National Anthem?

An obvious supplementary question is whether prominent Channel Island evacuees should go on the air, stimulating and guiding their own people, as allied leaders of the deliverance movement in London are frequently invited to do. But, once again, would that help? Might it not, on the contrary, provoke a hardening of Nazi attitude in the Islands, a visiting of new burdens upon the very ones it is our aim to protect and preserve? The Channel Islands are in peculiar and delicate case, scarcely to be likened to the open non-co-operation and even revolt of certain other occupied territories. More than others, they can with advantage be considered as temporarily removed from the conflict.

Take our act of leaving the Islands without offering a last moment and vain resistance which would only have brought death and misery to a population long grown used to considering itself safe from any possible land operations. We left because the Islands, demilitarised years before, lost their surviving usefulness of checking shipping in and out of French ports when the whole French coast fell to the Germans. Since then the Germans have fortified the group, which is used for aero-naval warfare against us in the Channel. Yet we do not engage in retaliatory attack. The Islanders escape the bombing we direct upon other, friendly occupied territory, and the absence of such intervention by us cannot but operate to the good in regard to Nazi treatment of the population. Mercifully, there is no other call to bomb the Islands, which cannot help Hitler's war production—although Channel Island sympathisers will no doubt bear in mind that the so-called " potato flotillas " constantly feeding the German Army from the Islands would be included in the R.A.F.'s valuable offensive against coastal shipping were the vessels in question sailed by foreigners.

Anything written about conditions in occupied territory stands open to correction, yet it hardly seems that the Channel Islanders who remained behind—apparently some 65,000—are being as pressed under as sufferers in several other latitudes. In some respects the Germans have set out to woo them, possibly a clumsy German hope that one day Channel elements from " the Norman Isles " will one day aid by sailing forth to impress the British by propaganda!

An important fact of June 1940 was that several more rescue ships were sent from England than ever returned to Weymouth filled to completion. Boat after boat returned only part-filled. If there has been much suffering and anxiety due to absence of information since, it is only fair to remember that the Islanders—under great stress, it is true—elected to divide in the ratio of, roughly, three staying behind to one crossing to England. In the last desperate hours, spokesmen of the Jersey States Parliament addressed the crowds in St. Helier's Place Royale. The legislators announced their intention of " staying at their posts with their families."

No Quisling has materialised in the Islands, though a Gauleiter Heries, late of Victoria College, is said to officiate in the room of Jersey's Lieutenant-Governor. If Berlin has been regaled with news-reels showing German officers sitting beside local dignitaries in session, we may be sure it is all done very much against the grain. Nevertheless, the Nazis prepared the ground years in advance (how people would have laughed had one reported they were doing so!), and it would be stupid to imagine that they have not profited by a certain amount of collaboration from a mixed population.

THESE GIRLS ALL COME FROM GUERNSEY, whence they were evacuated before the German occupation: They are here preparing to broadcast a programme of Island songs back home to their parents, who are prisoners in the Nazi-held island. The girls are now at school in the North of England, and account themselves fortunate in having escaped from the Channel Islands in time!

There has been evidence from time to time that the Nazis are practising the velvet-glove policy in the Islands, hoping thereby to wean the inhabitants from the British allegiance and affection, and it would be wiser to do nothing that might painfully disturb such policy, so long as we know that the Islanders will joyfully come back to us in the end. At present we know also that anxiety in their regard has been mitigated. Red Cross postcards are arriving at long last in their thousands. These twenty-word reports from the Islanders themselves, if added to escapees' information, might result in such a composite report as this:

" Don't worry about us. We are as happy and cheerful as possible. The Germans have been orderly and quiet. A special type has been sent here who do their best to fraternise. They are always inviting us to dances, concerts and sports. And they want us so badly to learn German. Inter-visiting between the Islands is permitted. We have two newspapers, censored, of course. But we can listen to the B.B.C. The films, however, are Nazi stuff only. Only Nazis and doctors can use petrol.

" If we don't write often, remember that we cannot initiate correspondence. Also that it costs a shilling a time and we are all poor! The Germans commandeer a lot of our foodstuffs and give us 'occupation money' in return at seven marks to the £. They have introduced a common working wage for all, which varies from thirty shillings to two pounds. As regards food, we have not done so badly. Absence of meat has turned us partially into vegetarians, but we all raise rabbits and we can go fishing a mile and a half out. But butter, milk and eggs are unlikely to be as plentiful as heretofore."

One of the chief complaints was that it used to take five months or more to get a reply from the Islands. Actually, until early this year the Germans restricted communication through the Red Cross to the merest trickle. Now a reply is forthcoming in three months or less. But that delay is likely to persist, as the postal route is Lisbon-Geneva-Cologne-St. Helier, and the same in reverse, with censorship on the way.

And so I leave " the most marooned people " and pass to their kith and kin here. Are we doing all we should for them? There are clamant voices answering with a negative.

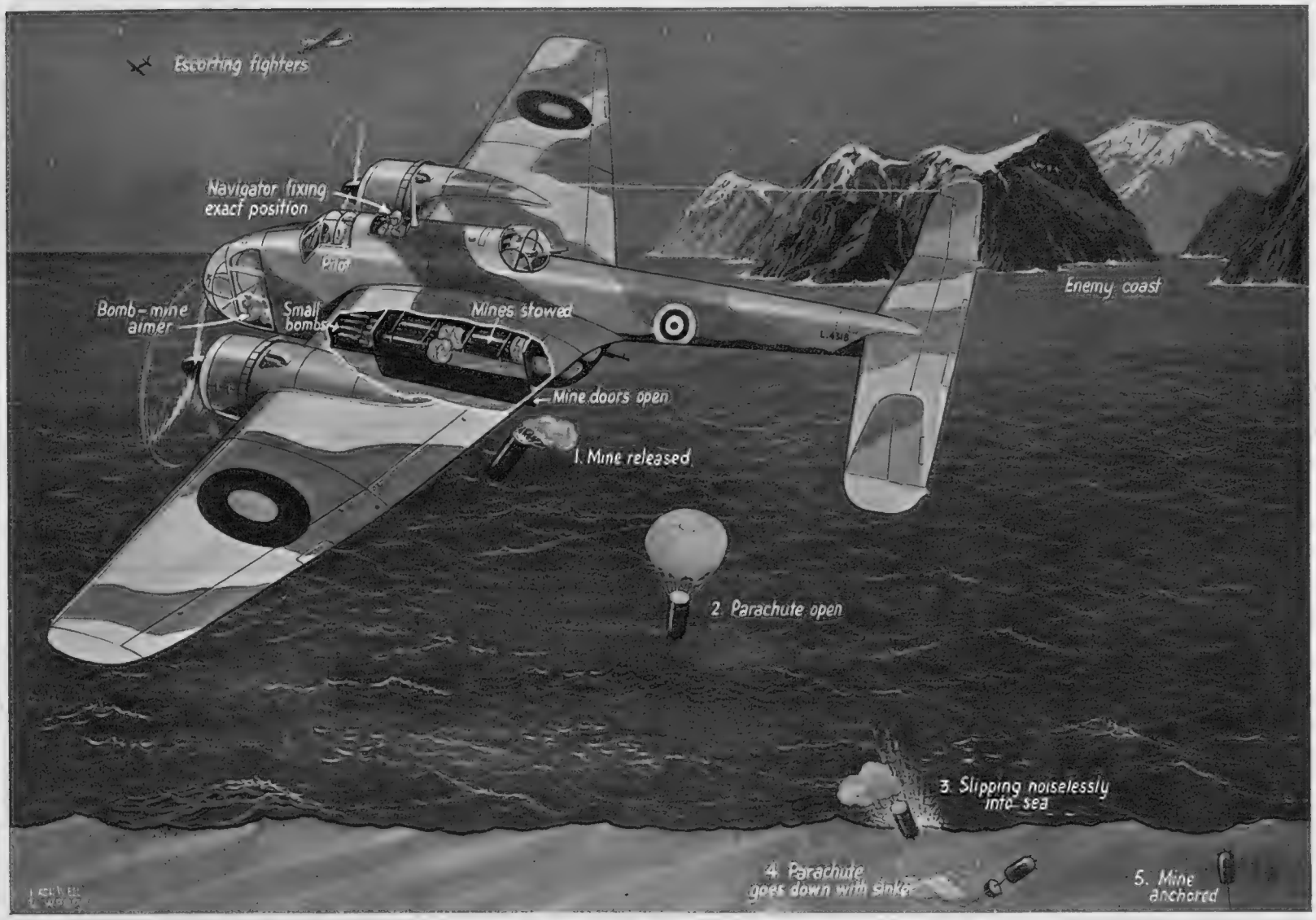
Well, it is necessary to divide Channel Islander evacuees into two categories. There is the smaller company who settled in the Islands in order to enjoy their lighter fiscal treatment. Back in England, these folk find themselves heavily hit. They also claim under the War Damage Bill, and complain when reminded that the Islands were under a different fiscal system. I have even seen letters asking why money cannot be obtained from, and be dispatched to, the Channel Islands. It is necessary to understand that for all such purposes the Channel Islands are in the same position as Occupied Belgium, just as severed and unattainable.

A larger company arrived here with little clothing or belongings and only restricted means of earning a livelihood. It is asserted that such victims have been helped almost entirely from funds subscribed voluntarily to a Refugee Committee. This had some time back disbursed £13,000 odd, helping 1,400 urgent cases. A further £10,000 then remained, but this sum has certainly since been increased. Evacuees have been settled in several areas, many of the children having been sent to Scotland where they are quite properly growing tomatoes.

Nearly all the savings bank deposits, amounting to over £3,700,000, were brought away from the Islands, only money in the till being left to the Germans. What part this tidy sum can play in succour work I am unable to say. But much difficulty is being caused by the absence of all registrar details affecting births, deaths and marriages. Couples have had to swear here that they are man and wife.

A further grievance concerns the refusal of the War Office to set aside full allowances for wives and families of serving men who have remained in the Islands. Only a portion is being credited, despite protests from all ranks that they will need every penny to get restarted after the war.

Quite a number of Islanders here can in no way be arraigned as dodgers, and it is up to us to see that the least hardship prevails among them, particularly where men in the Forces and their dependants are concerned. That is probably the best way we can help those Channel Islanders who have remained behind to see the Nazis through. Watching of postal contact, continuing to send vitamins and vital stores and an occasional broadcast on Channel Islands musical themes, have further been recommended.



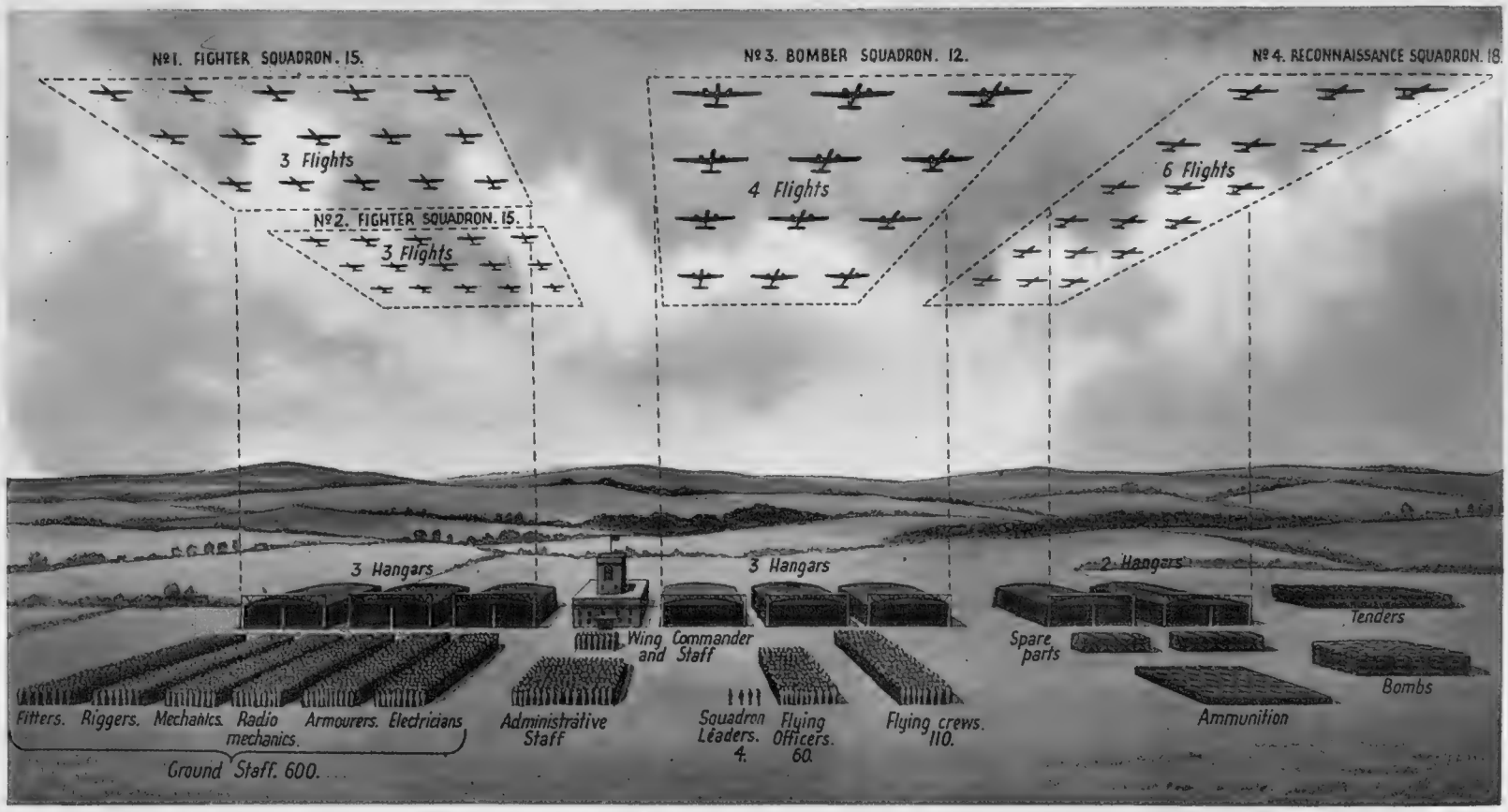
MINE-LAYING FROM THE AIR

Converted Bombers of the R.A.F. are now Laying Mines all Round the Enemy Coast at Night

—Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

In the House of Commons recently, Mr. Winston Churchill said that "we do not hear much about the mine menace now. Yet, almost every night, thirty or forty enemy aeroplanes are casting these destructive engines in the most likely spots to catch our shipping." But the Royal Air Force, too, is mining enemy waters; and for this task the parachute method is used: a small bomb-load is also carried in case enemy shipping is encountered. The most successful type of aircraft used is the Handley-Page Hampden—a long-range bomber with two 1,000-h.p. Bristol engines: on the mine-laying trips night fighters usually accompany the bombers as escorts.

To be certain of success, there must be a fair visibility over the surface of the water, for the mine is dropped from a low height. Darkness is essential to lessen the danger of enemy fighter opposition. Here there are no second chances: no secondary targets. A mine laid a short distance on either side of its intended position may prove a boomerang to our own shipping. Since the beginning of the war, our mine-laying aircraft have kept up a constant attack. Thousands of miles of coastal waters and ocean have been traversed, entrances to harbours "sealed" and sea-lanes closed.



HOW MUCH IS A WING?

A Typical R.A.F. Wing of Four Squadrons with its Attendant Ground Staff and Flying Personnel

—Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

It has been announced that the R.A.F. have sent a complete wing to Russia, to aid in the air on the Eastern Front. Much speculation has been aroused by this announcement, and many estimates have been given. A wing may consist of two, four, or six squadrons of various types of machines. The typical formation shown in the above diagram consists of four squadrons; and the artist's figures are arrived at in the following manner. It is generally acknowledged that it takes nine or ten men to maintain an aircraft in the air: therefore 60 aircraft equals 600 men. Six men are, on the average, employed to service an aircraft each time it lands from battle: 1—Fitter for engine. 2.—Rigger for airframe. 3.—Electrician for batteries, etc. 4.—Radio mechanic for wireless. 5.—Armourer for guns or bombs. 6.—Corporal in charge. At least another four men per aircraft in the hangars and workshops for repairs to damaged aircraft, etc. Thus: 60 aircraft equals 360 men, plus 240 in hangars and workshops, equals 600. In addition to this ground staff, however, there are the flying crews, thus: 30 fighters need 30 pilots; 12 bombers need 12 pilots and 4 crew; 18 reconnaissance planes need 18 pilots and 2 crew; this gives a total of 60 pilots and 84 air crew; allowing a reserve of 26, the figure becomes 110. Then there are the administrative staffs—equipment, pay, meteorological, ambulance, etc., etc.

TO BREMEN AND BACK

The Full Story of a Bombing Raid over Germany from Start to Finish, as Seen from the Point of View of the Participating Air Crews—*Drawings by Roland Davies*

THE sun begins to sink behind the fenland trees, and the bomber crews—officers and sergeants—have left their messes for the hangars. At 2300 hours (11 p.m.) the first aircraft is due to take off. It is now 2130.

The night is still warm, so nearly everybody dresses outside the hangars. They drag their cumbersome flying kit out from the locker rooms and, having dressed, stand or sit about on the grass underneath the young trees in front of the hangars.

To get them off quickly, some of the aircraft of the squadrons which are based on this station are taking off from the satellite aerodrome a few miles away. Time is precious to the night bomber. The crews of the bombers operating from the satellite aerodrome drive away in coaches which used to fill the summer roads between London and the coast in peacetime. These holiday coaches make an odd contrast with the bleak aerodrome. The coaches go down the winding village street and pass the old parish church. The villagers wave as they pass and the bomber crews wave back.

At the aerodrome, the other crews complete their dressing. There is a good deal of "backchat" and whistling and singing. Someone discovers that there are oranges in the night's flying rations. Oranges are rare. Two of the officers are unable to resist the temptation, and tuck in. "I think I'll keep my orange for coming back," says one of the others. The trailer with the flare-path equipment and the floodlights trundles slowly across the aerodrome, making a fascinating silhouette as it goes over the rise. The flare-path party space out their lights. The fire tender, fully manned, and the ambulance have now been drawn up side by side near the watch office. The wind-sock hangs limply there is little or no wind.

The station commander and his squadron commanders are out to see the take-off. Another coach is filling up to take six more crews round to their dispersal points. "It's standing-room only to-night," says the station commander as they crowd in. Some of them pack their parachutes and helmets and gloves along the luggage-racks above their heads, but most of them hold on to their gear. "Any more for the *Skylark*?" calls out an officer, and then the coach is off. Other crews go out in lorries.

The first aircraft off is piloted by a young Squadron Leader now back on his second spell of operations. He has already been on thirty raids and has won the D.F.C. Now he has returned after doing a Staff job for a few months. "You can't keep him off flying," says the station commander. In quick succession the other aircraft follow, racing across the aerodrome at 100 miles an hour. Then rising slowly, majestically, they turn towards the crescent moon. Their engines make the ground shudder. They circle to gain height before setting course for Germany, and then in a minute or two are gone.

The aircraft from the satellite fly across to join the armada heading eastward. One counts ten aircraft in the air around the aerodrome at the same time. Many are already out of sight, while a line of others yet to take off are taxi-ing across to the start of the flare-path. "Like a lot of cabs in a rank," comments the officer in charge as he watches them lumbering across. The air is full of the noise of engines. The sky darkens, and most of the bombers have gone. When the last of them disappears the night seems strangely quiet again.

"THE ROOM GRADUALLY FILLS AS OTHER CREWS COME IN. They exchange experiences as they wait to be interrogated. Everyone talks freely: there is a general buzz of conversation. The crews look a little dishevelled, but one or two are quite fresh and untired. One man, a gunner, falls asleep, leaning back in his chair. Another gunner throws a matchbox at him and he wakes up. . . ."

READY FOR HIGH ALTITUDES: A bomber pilot off for a raid over enemy territory and with his oxygen mask in position in case he should be forced up to a great height

"THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS GET DOWN TO THEIR JOB, finding out the details of what happened. . . . Bremen has been hard hit. There were many fires there. . . ."

Back in the mess the wireless is turned on. A woman is singing, "All Through the Night." Then, an hour later, all mess lights go out. An enemy aircraft has been "plotted" approaching the aerodrome. No bombs are dropped.

It is well past 0400 hours (4 a.m.) when the first of the returning bombers circles the aerodrome. In a few minutes there are five more roaring overhead. They are coming in with amazing, clockwork regularity. The controlling officer steps them up at different heights as they circle, waiting permission to land. They fly with their navigation lights on. It reminds one of a roundabout. The crews take half an hour or so from the time of landing to filter through to the interrogation room where the station intelligence officers are on duty. They were called when the first aircraft was reported overhead. Coffee and sandwiches are brought in. There is a choice of sandwiches, fish-paste or sardine. The room gradually fills as other crews come in. They exchange experiences as they wait to be interrogated. Everyone talks freely; there is a general buzz of conversation. The crews look a little dishevelled, but one or two are quite fresh and untired. One man, a gunner, falls asleep, leaning back in his chair. Another gunner throws a matchbox at him and he wakes up. Several of the men, one notices, have brought their oranges back. "I'm taking mine home to my wife," says one.

"THE CREWS OF THE BOMBERS OPERATING FROM THE SATELLITE AERODROME DRIVE AWAY IN COACHES which used to fill the summer roads between London and the Coast in peacetime. . . . The coaches go down the winding village street and pass the old parish church. The villagers wave as they pass and the bomber crews wave back. . . ."

The intelligence officers get down to their job, finding out the details of what has happened. It has been a successful night, though heavy cloud made things difficult. But Bremen has been hard hit. There were many fires there. One hears snatches of what the crews are saying.

"When we got there there were three good fires and we saw a large number of smaller ones. We saw a lot of bomb-bursts in the area. Some terrific ones. Someone must have been there with some of the new stuff."

"Yes, a lot of light *flak*. Heavy as well. Didn't trouble us particularly. Bags and bags of searchlights."

"We were lucky. We got a good patch. We could see everything. Somebody was getting hell belted out of him on the other side of the town. We glided in quietly, bombed, turned round, glided out again, and missed it all."

"On the way back 40 or 50 miles from Bremen we saw one place well away. We flew dead over it. Terrific fires. You could see buildings burning. Girders standing out and everything."

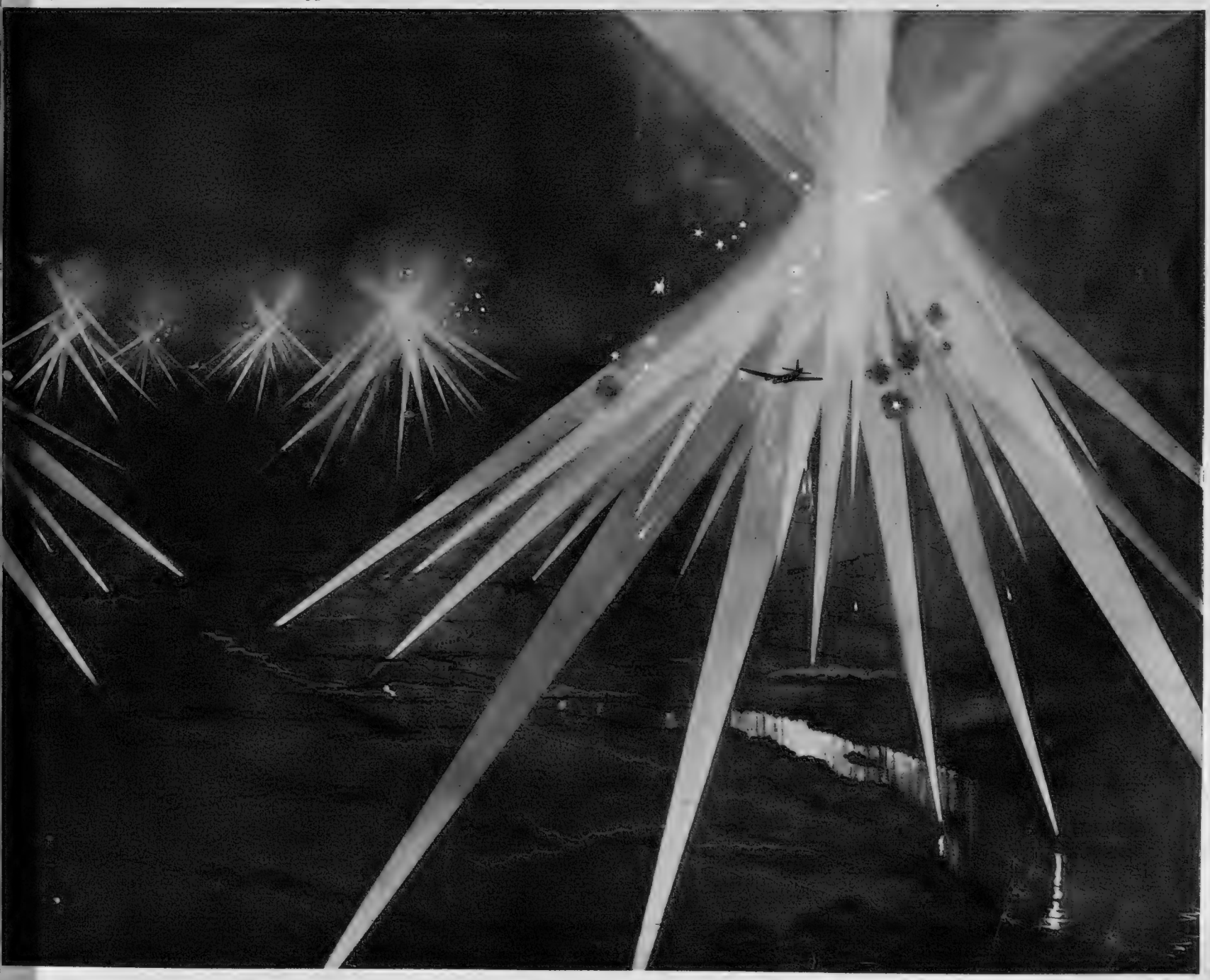
"I thought I was beyond the Dutch coast, so I came down a bit. But we hadn't reached the coast. Just as I got down they opened up with light *flak*. Boy, was it hot!"

"There was a triangle of fires and we bombed in the triangle."

"We ran into that searchlight belt. It must be 60 to 80 miles long and about 20 miles deep. They were working in cones. Twenty or thirty of them to a cone."

"We spent an hour over the place waiting for a decent break in the clouds. We got it in the end. Somebody dropped a flare right in front of us and lit up the whole damn place!"

So the interrogation goes on. It is nearly eight o'clock by the time the last crew have made their report, stretched, yawned and gone to breakfast.



"WE RAN INTO THE SEARCHLIGHT BELT. IT MUST BE SIXTY TO EIGHTY MILES LONG AND ABOUT TWENTY MILES DEEP. They were working in cones, twenty or thirty of them to a cone. We spent an hour over the place. . . ."

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT. . . .

The Men Who Bring Down the Big Lorries from the Ports and Industrial Centres of the North to the Capital Through the Long Black-out Hours

Described by
CHARLES GRAVES

EVERY evening in the failing light convoys of great £3,000 lorries and still greater and more expensive tankers rumble off with their precious cargoes from London and the ports. Every morning they arrive, over 200 miles away, having been driven through the black-out, through local and general "blitzes," through fog, to their destination. This may be the capital or any of the great cities. Bloodshot and dull, the night trunk drivers slump out of their seat and leave it to the daylight crews to take over. They themselves have breakfast, and if they are wise, go straight to bed, getting up for luncheon and then dozing off again until evening, when once more they climb up into their driver's cabin and rumble off through the night again.

Every night of the week 2,000 or 3,000 of these huge vehicles are on the job. By law they must not average more than 17½ m.p.h. The law also demands that their maximum speed must be 20 m.p.h. As far as is possible they maintain this schedule, but when a ten-mile-long Army convoy blocks the road and holds them up, they can scarcely be blamed if they step on the accelerator to make up for lost time. Frequently, they are asked for lifts by men in the armed forces as well as by civilians, and they have worked it out that each time they stop for a hitch-hiker it takes an extra seven minutes' running to make up for the lost time. Often the "Red Caps," as they call the Military Police, stop them and ask if they have any passengers. So do the police. Sometimes they have tyre-bursts. Sometimes the road is blocked by some accident. All this cuts into their running schedule.

BREAKFAST AT 3 A.M.: The scene at a café on the Great North Road where the transport driver manages to get food after long hours at the wheel. The problem of food for these night drivers is a real one. On Sunday nights and Monday mornings many of their wayside cafés are closed

It is a tough life to be a night trunk driver. He averages 1,200 miles driving through the black-out each week; and within a very few weeks from now he will not see daylight (except on his Sundays off) until March. Some misguided people have suggested that women could do this job, and that the age for this reserved occupation should be raised. Nothing could be more absurd. The men are doing a vital job, which is also a dangerous and exceedingly arduous job. Their normal payment is a guarantee of a forty-eight-hour week, which means two complete trips and is a matter of £4 5s. 6d. Thereafter they are paid time-and-one-eighth for the first four hours—1s. 11d. per hour—and time-and-a-quarter for the next eight hours—2s. 3d. per hour. After that it is time-and-a-half, which is 2s. 7d. per hour. Thus a man who does three trips from London to the north-east ports and back again makes £6 5s. But in addition to this, some employers give a monthly bonus of £2 if he has had no accident, bump or collision during that period. In addition, food and lodging are provided for the three days that the driver is away from home. This is estimated to be worth about 12s. 6d. a day.

The men are mostly between the ages of 25 and 35. None of them touches a drop of drink during his six-day week, though he may make up for it on Sunday. Employers prefer married men. They find that the bachelors are inclined to what they call "speeditis," and are not so responsible. One or two employers are experimenting with a free issue of halibut oil and carrots to see whether this can further improve the eyesight and stamina of their night trunk drivers.

It is a dangerous mistake to under-estimate the intelligence (in both senses of the word) of the Germans. At the same time it is giving nothing away to say that the Great North Road, Watling Street and the routes, in fact, to all the big ports like Liverpool, Cardiff and Hull are almost busier at night than they are by day.

Thousands of tons of goods which the railways cannot handle are transported every night on the arterial roads of England and Scotland. Sitting in the "Ops Room," as the traffic manager's office of any haulage contractor might well be described, I was looking at the list of cargoes that had come into London that morning from the North. These read consecutively: guns, seal oil, lubricating oil, acids, malt (15 tons of it), Shell Mex, lung tonic, soap, printing inks, margarine, castor oil, forgings, aircraft machinery, flour, paint, glue, acetone and nut oil. Going up North at night the loads carried by this single firm of haulage contractors read as follows: tractors, machinery plant, tea, barley, steel, drums of chemicals, preserves (for N.A.A.F.I.), bags of rice, ships' ropes, matches, cable lengths and tomatoes. Every now and then the telephone would ring and one of the daylight staff would say:

"I have 'tipped' at Paddington. What are my instructions?"

The traffic manager promptly gave them.

A few yards away I found half a dozen of these night trunk drivers having their midday meal. Behind the curtains were a number of beds, some of them still occupied by their sleeping mates. They were an intelligent, clean-looking type.

"Do you know Gonerby Hill?" one of them asked. "It's the worst in the country, and last winter I have seen as many as seventy-five lorries stuck on it. Once it took me from 10.30 p.m. to 10.45 a.m. to get to the top. Then there is that Stoke Rochford hill. That's an awkward one."

ENSURING THE SAFETY OF THE LOAD: A final pull on the ropes securing his cargo before the driver sets out on his long and monotonous journey through the darkened countryside to deliver Britain's essential war goods and food

"But what about Spitalgate Hill?" somebody interjected.

"And the red light at Wansford?"

By general consensus of opinion, Stamford is the worst town in the country now that Coalshill has been by-passed. As for Suicide Lane—well, that is a brute, as every motorist knows who has ever driven at night on the Great North Road between Grantham and Stamford. It is 21 miles long and has twenty-one hills, and though the road is straight it is very narrow and quite blind. That is to say, you cannot see for more than a hundred yards before the next dip. And it is usually here between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m. that the north-bound and south-bound lorries and tankers meet.

1.30 a.m. is generally agreed by night trunk drivers to be the time when you are most likely to get careless or even to doze off. Cigarette-smokers will consume as many as forty in the drive. Pipe-smokers reckon on smoking anything over a half-ounce per night. If they start to feel sleepy they get down, walk round their vehicles, look at the tyres and give themselves a break of two or three minutes. Mind you, they are not so foolish as to drive all night without a halt. The south-bound drivers usually stop at the New Ark (I had better not mention the town in which it is situated) for supper, where they get tea, bacon and beans, chops, sausages and the like. They stop at Mac's Café for half an hour for a pre-breakfast at 3 a.m. near a little town of which I had never heard until to-day. The north-bound drivers take their supper at Mac's Café and their pre-breakfast at the New Ark. Halfway along this particular run to the north-east is the Green Parrot Café. For some reason best known to its proprietor it is never open after 7 p.m. Otherwise it could do a roaring trade. For it is here that those haulage contractors who believe in splitting the run from north to south arrange for the drivers of the north-bound convoys to rendezvous with the south-bound convoys, who take over from each other, turn round and drive back.

This problem of food for the night trunk drivers is a very real one. On Sunday nights and Monday mornings many of these wayside cafés and pull-ups for carmen are closed, and it has happened frequently that the men have had to make the twelve-hour run without a bite of food or a cup of hot tea. (It never seems to occur to them to buy a thermos or take sandwiches.) When the war is over there is a possibility that some association of haulage contractors will get together and provide proper hostels, together with repair shops and even shower-baths for the night drivers. Something like this is badly needed. What is also needed immediately is that the local authorities along the great roads should see to it that their hills are properly gravelled, so that when the frosts come round again there will be no more of those scenes of indescribable confusion and consequent delay of precious cargoes. I have also been asked to draw the attention of the Army authorities, through The Sphere, to the carelessness of many of their drivers. The professional night trunk drivers realise that many of the Army trucks are driven by amateurs. But they see no reason why Army vehicles should be backed out of side roads into the main road without any lights. They also take exception to the exceedingly bright sidelights of Army vehicles, and also the cocky way in which Army drivers turn their spot-lights on to approaching lorries. When I was a war correspondent out in France in the winter of '39 to '40 an astounding number of accidents occurred on the ice-bound Belgian roads. One smart Colonel, however, managed to cut his transport accidents down to 10 per cent. by a simple expedient. He inaugurated the Order of the Scuttle. This was a large biscuit-tin with a swastika crudely painted on it and worn compulsorily on the bonnet of that transport vehicle which had sustained the most recent accidents, and had to be kept there until some other truck, Bren-gun carrier or other vehicle had met with a similar incident. The driver had to wear a replica of this on his battle-dress.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that tanks prefer to travel without any kind of lights. But their sudden apparition on a dark night at a few yards' range certainly adds to the nerve strain of the night trunk drivers, nearly all of whom prefer to drive on a moonless night. They say that moonlight—as, indeed, it does—can cause very deceptive shadows on the roads.

Their slang is surprisingly little. They call their lorries "wagons." Trailers are known as "pups" or "Herberts." Collisions are euphemistically known as "bumps." And that is about all the local slang.

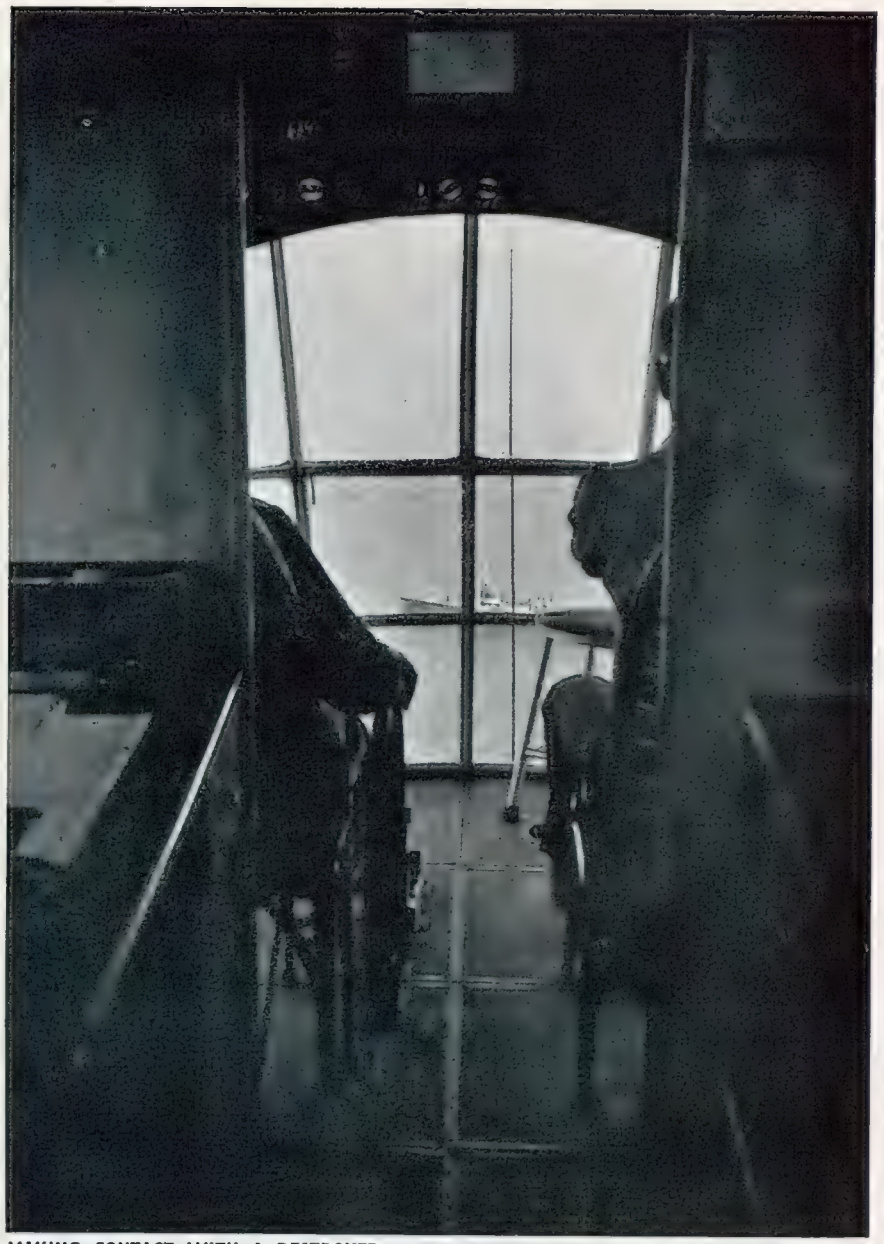
Yes, it is a tough life, driving 1,200 miles a week through the black-out, frequently through barrages and bombs aimed at roadside aerodromes. Fortunately, there is no occupational disease except for dermatitis, which frequently affects drivers of Diesel-engined lorries. As the nights get longer and colder, and the ice and mists approach, it seems high time to pay tribute to the night trunk driver. He is doing vital war work, is subjected to constant strain and cold, and seldom gets any public recognition. Occasionally, however, a real compliment is paid to him. One of the men I was with gave a lift to a sergeant pilot of a night-fighter squadron who had been shot down. As he stepped off the lorry, he said: "Well, mate, I certainly don't envy you your job. You stick to your bus and I 'll stick to my kite."

ATLANTIC PATROL by the U.S.

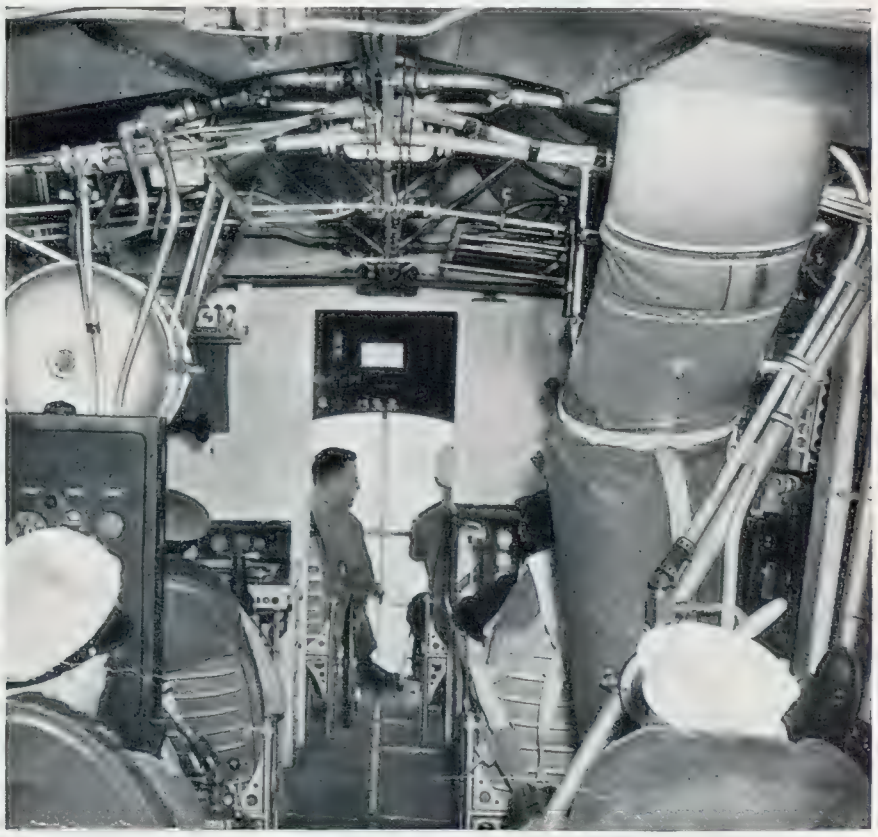
To Maintain a Constant Watch over Her Shores and to Check Up on Shipping the U.S. is Using Her Blimps

THE BLIMP CHECKS UP: The patrol airship *L-1* of the U.S. Navy hovers over the freighter *Musa*, of the Panama Lines, to check the vessel's identity. Tiny figures of men are just discernible on the freighter's forward deck

"THE UP-AND-DOWN MAN": Responsible for the vertical course of the blimp *T.C.-13* is Chief Bosun's Mate George Moser, who is here shown operating the elevator wheel



MAKING CONTACT WITH A DESTROYER: Through the window in the control-cabin of the blimp may be seen a U.S. destroyer. In joint operations the blimp would spot enemy craft and transmit its position to the destroyer. "The warship would then rush to the scene and dump depth-charges, whilst the blimp would make it hot for the raider by dropping bombs"—or, at least, that is the American theory!



HERE IS WHAT THE INTERIOR OF A BLIMP CABIN LOOKS LIKE: The view is looking forward from the sleeping compartment towards the pilot-house

Alone amongst the Great Powers, the United States is still constructing blimps and operating them. From their base at Lakehurst, in New Jersey, the lighter-than-air vessels of the Navy Air Patrol soar up and down the coast from dawn to dark, checking up on the identity of all merchant vessels encountered. It is not that the U.S. Navy expects anything untoward, but "maintenance of the patrol is a good defence measure." In time of war the blimps would communicate with shore stations by two-way radio, or through the use of carrier-pigeons: the latter being brought into play in order to avoid revealing the airship's position as it would do if the radio transmitter were employed. The training of the crews also includes working in co-operation with the U.S. Navy's destroyers in practice-spotting and bombing of submarines

THE U.S. PATROL OF THE ATLANTIC AND THE "BRIDGE OF SHIPS" TO ICELAND

"THE BRIDGE OF SHIPS" WHICH THE UNITED STATES IS BUILDING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC and to which the President referred in his broadcast on September 11

To begin at the beginning: in the Prohibition Era, the United States inaugurated a 12-mile Neutrality limit all round her coastline "for prohibition purposes only." This was an innovation, as up till then only a three-mile limit had been allowed by International Law. When the war broke out, in 1939, the United States suggested a 300-mile Neutrality limit; within this area no hostile warships were to have penetrated. But Germany refused to recognise such a limit, and on many occasions the 300-mile line was crossed. Throughout the ensuing months the situation worsened; with the result that by the end of April 1941 a 2,000-mile limit of neutrality was established: this extended virtually from westwards of Iceland down to the Azores. But, by his momentous announcement to the world on September 11 last, Mr. Roosevelt has now announced that Axis submarines are "rattlesnakes of the Atlantic" and a menace "to the free pathways of the high seas." It was the attack on the U.S. destroyer *Greer* to the south-east of Greenland which precipitated the crisis: to-day U.S. naval vessels have orders to shoot at any enemy vessels they encounter on the high seas. "To have ultimately successful world mastery," said Mr. Roosevelt, "Hitler knows he must get control of the seas. He must destroy the Bridge of Ships we are building across the Atlantic, over which we shall continue to roll the implements of war to help destroy him and all his works in the end"

Drawing by Wm. McDowell

THE ATTACK ON THE U.S. DESTROYER "GREER": A Nazi submarine discharges two torpedoes at her, but both miss their target

On the morning of September 4 the *Greer* was proceeding in full daylight towards Iceland and had reached a point south-east of Greenland. She was carrying mail, she was flying the American flag; her identity as an American ship was unmistakable. "She was then and there attacked by the submarine. This was piracy, legally and morally," declared the President. "The submarine deliberately fired a torpedo at the *Greer*, followed later by another torpedo attack." Fortunately, both attacks failed.

To illustrate that it was impossible for the Nazi submarine commander to mistake the nationality of the *Greer*, our artist here presents a picture of the U.S. destroyer, which like others of her class, has an unmistakable arrangement of four funnels which makes her identification certain. The *Greer* belongs to a group of twenty-eight vessels, all of which were completed in 1918-19. Each has a displacement of 1,090 tons, with an overall length of 314 ft., and a speed of 35 knots

FOLLOWING on the attempt to sink the U.S. destroyer *Greer* on September 4, the Germans have aggravated an already tense situation by sinking another United States-owned vessel off Iceland—the first since President Roosevelt warned Hitler that the U.S. Navy would "shoot" at Axis raiders in any American "defensive waters" in the world.

The two large diagrams which are reproduced on these pages (together with their accompanying notes) show the present position with regard to the Atlantic. Colonel Knox, U.S. Secretary of the Navy, recently gave further details concerning the part played, or to be played, by American warvessels in this zone. It is now understood that submarine nets are being placed at entrances to all important harbours in the United States and its possessions, and under-sea listening posts being installed.

American bombers and observation planes, as well as ships, will operate from what are considered key points and will be ready to concentrate in any danger zone. American naval experts sent to London, it is stated, concluded from records placed at their disposal that faster ships were safe when they did not travel in convoys with slower ones, and that keeping the sea-lanes clear was more effective than merely protecting convoys.

It is understood that the United States patrol is already operating as far as Iceland. "There is good reason to believe," states the *New York Times*, "that operations will be, or have been, extended as far as Northern Ireland."

It is also understood that America is to release more ships to

aid Britain in the Battle of the Atlantic.

A large number of Allied vessels now plying on regular trade routes outside the Atlantic will enter the transatlantic trade to carry war materials to British forces in England and in Africa, it is learned in Washington, as well as to supply materials to Russia.

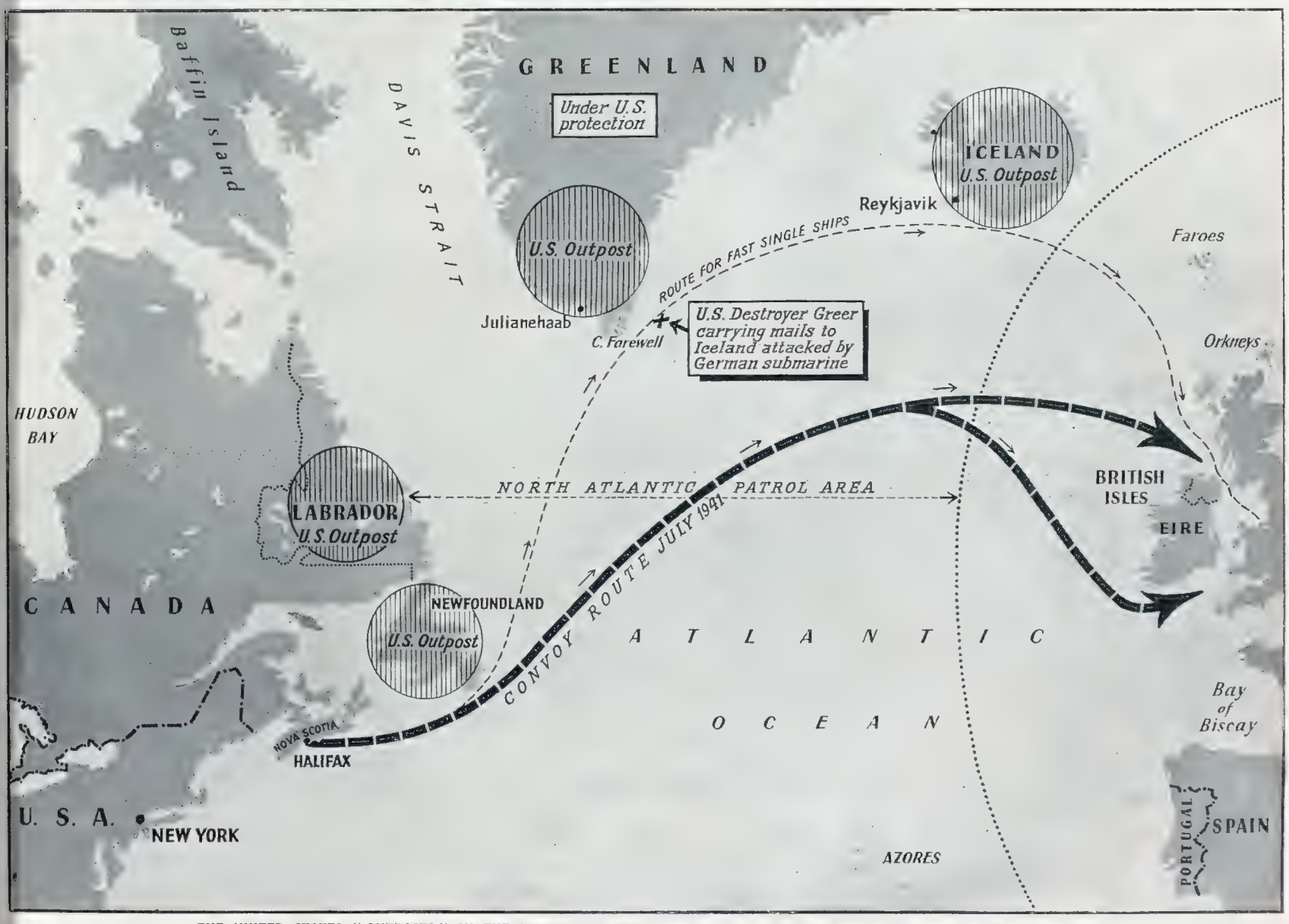
Holland and Norway are expected to contribute about 100 ships, it is understood.

United States vessels, which are barred from war zones by the Neutrality Act, will take over the routes at present covered by the Allied ships, abandoning them after the war.

***Below*— EX-AMERICAN DESTROYERS ON PATROL OFF ICELAND :** The vessel in the background is one of those leased to Britain by the United States. The men on the British transport in the foreground are members of the R.A.F. returning to Iceland after leave

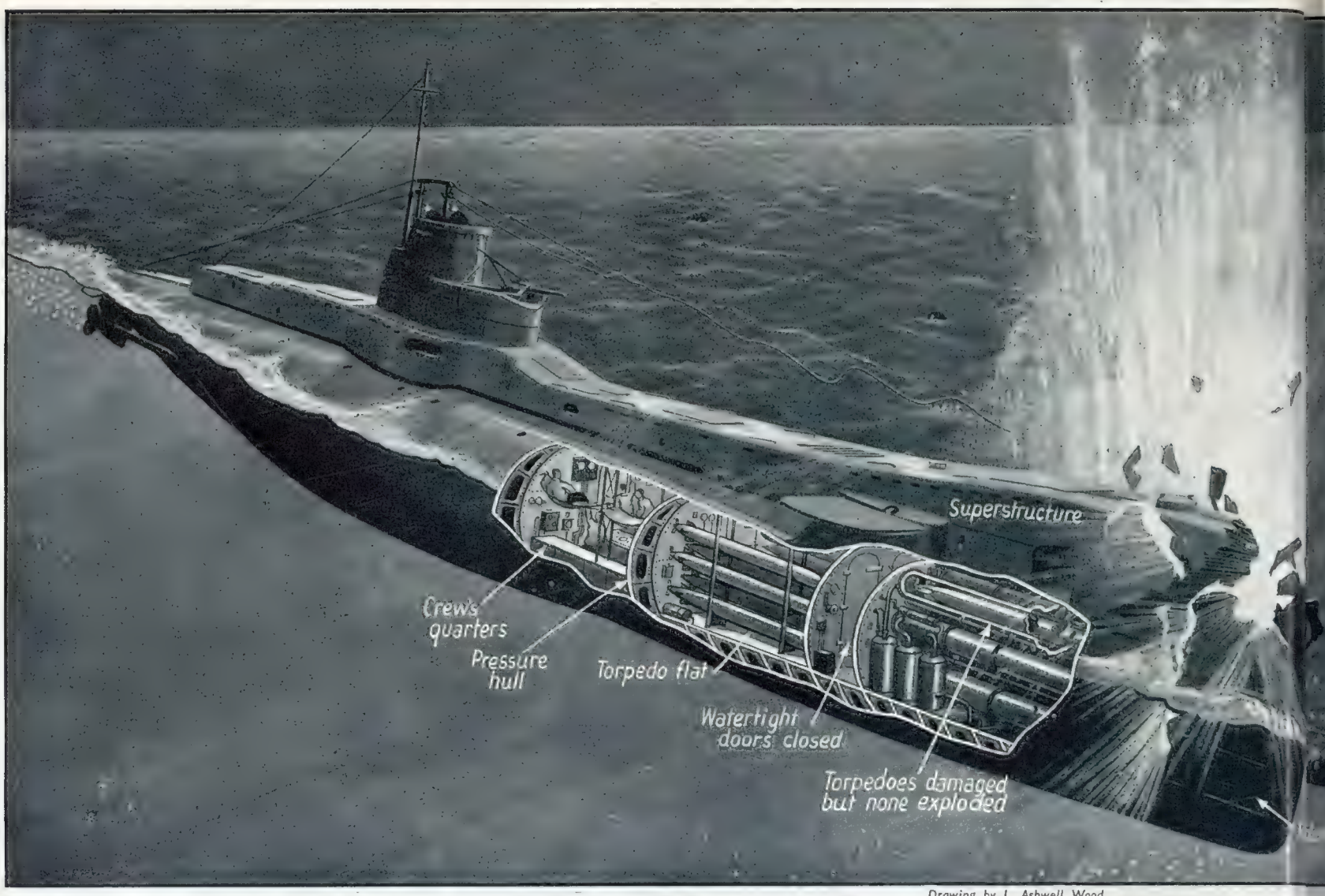
U.S. NAVY PATROL BOATS, and a Navy oil tanker, tied up amid the ice-cakes at the American base established in Greenland by the first U.S. forces landed to make good the U.S. Government's promise to protect that land. This is one of the outposts ringing the North Atlantic to which the President referred in his great broadcast from the White House on September 11

A DESTROYER OF THE U.S. NAVY, which participated in the occupation of Greenland : A picture taken as the vessel was making her way up to Tunugoliarfik Fiord through floating ice-cakes, headed for the site of a U.S. base 20 miles farther on. Picture taken on July 6



THE UNITED STATES "OUTPOSTS" IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC; and the Route of the Convoys through the Patrolled Area

"In the north, outposts have been established by us in Iceland, Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland," said the President of the United States. "Through these waters there pass many ships of many flags. They bear food and other supplies to civilians, and bear material of war for which the people of the United States are spending billions of dollars." It is to secure the safe passage of these cargoes that the U.S. have decided to patrol the Atlantic. The diagram above indicates the route which, up to July 1941, was followed by many of the convoys reaching the British Isles : by this route ships reached the West Coast ports either from the north or south of Ireland. To-day, however, there is also another route by which fast single ships may make the passage, unescorted if needs be : this route skirts the south of Greenland and Iceland and then on to the westward of the Faroes and Orkneys as indicated above



Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

THE TRIUMPH OF H.M.S. "TRIUMPH," the submarine which hit a mine and yet survived : Under the command of Lieut.-Commander J. W. McCoy, *Triumph* hit a mine on Boxing Day, 1939. She lost 18 ft. of her bow, and sustained other damage ; yet she successfully reached home after a 300-mile journey across the North Sea, was repaired and has since sunk ten enemy vessels ! (See notes on right)

AN R.A.F. EPIC OVER THE NORTH SEA

A REMARKABLE story of how an R.A.F. squadron leader, trapped underneath the water in a bomber which had come down in the sea, fought his way out, and then, half drowning, was supported in the sea by his front gunner, until he could reach the dinghy, has now been told by members of the crew.

Near Ostend, a shell from a heavy anti-aircraft gun burst directly under the bomber with what the pilot described as a "sickening bump." Down went the aircraft almost out of control, and with its engines

LOW FLYING ON PATROL : An Anson aircraft, acting as air escort to a troop transport, flies low down over the sea

racing alarmingly. At about 4,000 ft. above the sea, the pilot managed to steady the engines and to flatten out. The bomb-doors and the landing-wheels had dropped down and the petrol- and oil-pipes appeared to be damaged ; there was nothing to do except turn for home.

The crew were ordered to throw overboard everything that was movable, but even after this had been done the bomber was still not light enough to maintain height. Both engines were missing badly, and after a time the aircraft began to drop at a rate of about 500 ft. a minute. Nose heavy, it touched the water at about 90 miles an hour, bounced, and then came down on the port wing and crashed into the sea. The fuselage was almost broken in two. Four of the crew managed to get out through the break, but the pilot, who had stuck to his controls, and the front gunner, who had come out of his turret and gone back beside the observer's seat, were trapped inside the aircraft.

The pilot's cockpit, with the pilot still in it, was about 10 ft. under the sea, but the front gunner, now further back in the aircraft, was above the level of the water. The bomber had caught fire after it had come down, and now, with its tail and part of the fuselage out of the water, it was sinking vertically.

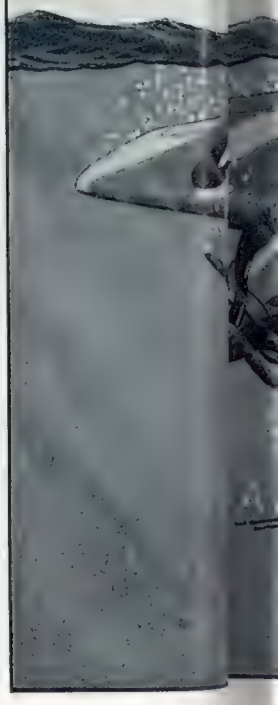
"The first thing I realised was that I was down beside the bomb-sight in the nose of the aircraft," said the pilot. "I could feel the bomb-sight under the water. I struggled back to my seat and then tried to get out through the pilot's escape hatch, but I couldn't, because half of it had jammed and, with my full kit on, I couldn't get out through the other half. For a moment I gave it up. It didn't seem possible that I could get away with it. The whole of the front of the aircraft was completely under water. I held my breath for as long as I could, and then I began taking in water. At times it was a great relief not to hold my breath. I was all but drowned when I saw a bright light above me. Then I saw more lights still further up. I don't know how long I was under the water, but when I got near to the second light I found that there was a break in the fuselage. The sergeant front-gunner was just getting through it.

"I was in a pretty bad way but I was still conscious. As I got my head above the water I saw the dinghy, and, with the help of the sergeant, who was in better shape than I, I started swimming towards it. The rest of the crew were already in the dinghy, and they began paddling towards us. While we were in the water the sergeant tried to blow up my flotation jacket with his mouth, but he couldn't manage it. I can remember telling him to go on and leave me, but he wouldn't go. I can't remember getting into the dinghy. I can only remember an eternity with my head under water and then above it. I remember them telling me to sit up, and then helping me to do so. I couldn't even talk : it was too painful. I spent all night getting the salt water out of my lungs."

For several days the crew drifted in the sea. On the first morning visibility was only about 200 yards. A bell was heard by the men and, using tins as paddles, they made towards the sound. Then the mist began to clear and they saw a buoy in the distance. The tide was running strongly towards it, but it was too strong, and swept them past the buoy when it was only 200 yards away. In the late afternoon they saw the masts of a sunken ship. Each night members of the crew took it in turn to keep watch. On the second morning the pilot, according to the rest of the crew, was stronger than any of them.

"I was sore round the ribs—that's all," he said. Some hours after dawn, another buoy was sighted ; this time the current defeated them when they were within 20 yards of it, and for the rest of the day they continued to drift about in the dinghy.

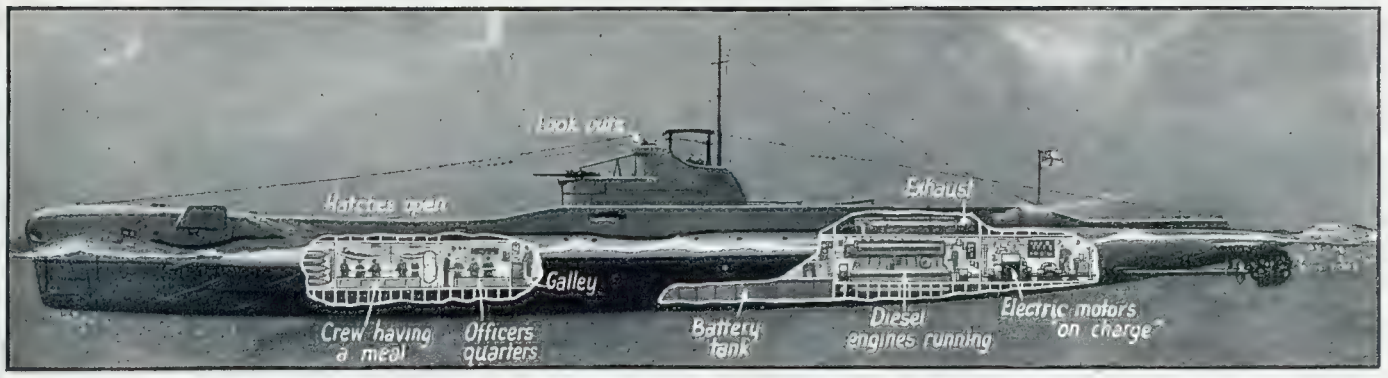
They rationed carefully their supplies of water, biscuits, malted-milk tablets and chewing-gum. All the time they were getting nearer to the English coast, and on the third day they could just see buildings on the shore and could hear trains running in the distance. But they were still being washed in and out by the tides. They had come down in the sea at 10 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, September 2. On Friday night, September 5, at 11.45 the tide carried them in near enough to the coast to enable them to paddle ashore.



Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

***On right*—TRAPPED UNDER THE WATER : The adventures of a British bomber's crew over the North Sea near Ostend :** How an R.A.F. squadron leader, trapped under water in a bomber which had come down in the sea, fought his way out and, half-drowned, was supported by one of his gunners until he could reach the plane's dinghy. (See notes above)

THE BRITISH SUBMARINE WHICH HIT A MINE



A SUBMARINE ON ACTIVE SERVICE MUST SURFACE AT NIGHT : This is in order to recharge her batteries through the medium of her diesel engines ; the electric motors for driving her when submerged are now used as dynamos for charging the batteries. The ship is also ventilated at night, and meals are taken—dinner at midnight and supper at dawn. The *Triumph* displaces 1,090 tons on the surface, and another 485 tons when submerged ; her length is 265 ft. and her crew number 53. When submerged her speed is 15 knots ; and on the surface she is capable of 25½ knots

IT was Boxing Day, 1939. H.M. submarine *Triumph* was on patrol in the Skagerak.

While on patrol in those waters, the crew of the *Triumph* turned day into night. For a number of reasons it is much better to have everyone awake during the dark hours, when the submarine can be on the surface. The crew of the *Triumph* had breakfast when they came to the surface at dusk, lunch about midnight and supper just before diving at dawn.

It happened just as the crew of the *Triumph* were having lunch. There was a shattering explosion and a column of flame which temporarily blinded those on the bridge. It was too dark to see the extent of the damage from outside, but it seemed from below that it was all confined to the fore-end. The rear ends of the torpedo-tubes had all been forced back about 6 in., the foremost bulkhead was split right across, and had been forced back with the tubes. There was a deep wrinkle right round the hull plating. Several rivets were missing, and a number of pipes, as well as the torpedo-tubes and the bulkhead, were leaking; 18 ft. of the ship was missing altogether.

In the torpedo-tubes there were ten torpedoes with war-heads fitted and ready for firing. From one torpedo-tube the whole torpedo was missing. In another, all that remained was the after-part of the torpedo. In another the tube was crushed in, pinning the war-head. Mercifully, none of these ten torpedoes went off.

H.M.S. *Triumph* was in an exceedingly awkward position. She was in the Skagerak on the German side of the North Sea minefields, right inside enemy waters, and 300 miles from home. She had no bows. She could not dive, for all the forward buoyancy which she would have required submerged had been destroyed ; she was making water fast.

In this condition, H.M.S. *Triumph* started her long voyage home. She cleared the minefield and started off at about 5 or 6 knots. It seemed as if she were pushing half the North Sea along with that badly damaged bulkhead. Later the weather got worse, and it was clear that the bulkhead would not stand up to that speed. H.M.S. *Triumph* had, therefore, to reduce to 2½ knots for a whole day. It was a desperately anxious day on the eastern side of the North Sea, unable to dive and expecting an air attack at any moment ; for it was known that the damaged submarine had been sighted by a German reconnaissance aircraft.

Later, however, the weather moderated, and H.M.S. *Triumph* was able to work up to about 10 knots. From time to time during the long and anxious voyage home, H.M.S. *Triumph* received encouraging signals from the Admiralty. "Aircraft escort is being sent" ; "Destroyers coming at full speed." Just before our own aircraft arrived, a Dornier sighted H.M.S. *Triumph*, and made as if to attack, but the friendly aircraft arrived in the nick of time and drove the Dornier away.

H.M.S. *Triumph* not only got home. She has been repaired, and has been living up to her name. She has torpedoed five enemy warships, including a U-boat, and five enemy supply ships. Most of the ships which H.M.S. *Triumph* has torpedoed were almost certainly sunk

THE CRIMEA, which the Germans have now cut off from the rest of Russia

This peninsula, on the north coast of the Black Sea, is connected with the mainland by a road running through Perekop (the Germans now command this road); and by a railway line to the east which runs near Genichesk (the Germans have lain forces astride this line). Thus the Crimea has been completely cut off from the rest of Russia. The area of the peninsula is over 23,000 square miles, and its population over 2,000,000: to the north, on the mainland, lies the Nogais Steppe (described below); and far away to the east lie the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. For many years now the peninsula has been a playground and along its southern shores are many famous watering places

THE LURE O

—Oil and a Refuge from th

THE capture of the great Caucasian oilfields of Russia is unquestionably one of the main objectives of the furious Axis thrust eastwards into the Ukraine, for their value is incontestable and generally appreciated. My earliest associations with the Russian oilfields were at a time when a few square miles of territory around the Tartar city of Baku supplied rather more than half the world's production of petroleum.

With a selling price of from 3s. to 4s. per ton, and wells yielding outputs of hundreds to thousands of tons of oil daily at a depth of around 1,000 ft., there was little incentive to introduce economies or minimise waste. Natural flows of 10,000 to 14,000 tons a day, and uninterrupted discharges of 500,000 tons, with an equal volume of sand, threw severe, temporary strains on storage capacity, and in consequence much oil was lost by evaporation or seepage in the open earthen reservoirs (ambars) then used. At that period kerosene (lamp oil) was the main objective of refiners, and the residue (astatki) was burnt under boilers, but the light spirit, now the stand-by of the industry, was then burnt in open pits to dispose of a dangerously inflammable product.

The development of the internal-combustion engine revolutionised the oil industry here as elsewhere, and has been more responsible than anything else for the many and astounding innovations that have hastened progress.

A Note on the NOGAIS STEPPE

The crossing of the Dnieper claimed by the Germans at a point between Zaporozhe and the mouth of the Dnieper, would mean that the enemy has advanced into a remarkable area, measuring some 300 miles by 200, known as the Nogais Steppe. It extends from the eastern side of the Dnieper along the northern side of the Sea of Azov. It is a wide area of what may be called prairie country, its general flatness only broken here and there by the action of streams, which have cut fairly deep channels in the rich black soil, which is such a distinguishing feature of this remarkable district. Though a considerable part of this vast prairie is cultivated, a great area remains as a wild heathland on which horses are bred and strange animals roam. The winds sweep in comparative silence over wide grassy or sandy tracts, there being no trees to break its force. This area was well known to Mr. George Hume, the author of *Thirty-five Years in Russia*, who frequently had occasion to traverse the Crimean Steppe. "It must not be supposed," he wrote, "that these vast plains of Crimean Tartary, over which you may travel for days without meeting a single traveller, are composed of desert sands or rock boulders and the stone debris of a disintegrated past formation. It is true that there are occasionally tracks of sand, but for the most part, and that the vastly predominating one, the surface soil is composed of a rich black earth, varying in depth from a few inches to several feet. . . The steppes are not uniformly flat plains, but in a general way may be described as undulating, many parts having been cut into deep ravines by the action of the water, which at some parts are so pronounced as to give it the appearance of hill formation. This I have discovered particularly in one district, where the melting of the snows in the springtime had given rise to torrents which, cutting into the tablelands, had produced a miniature Switzerland."

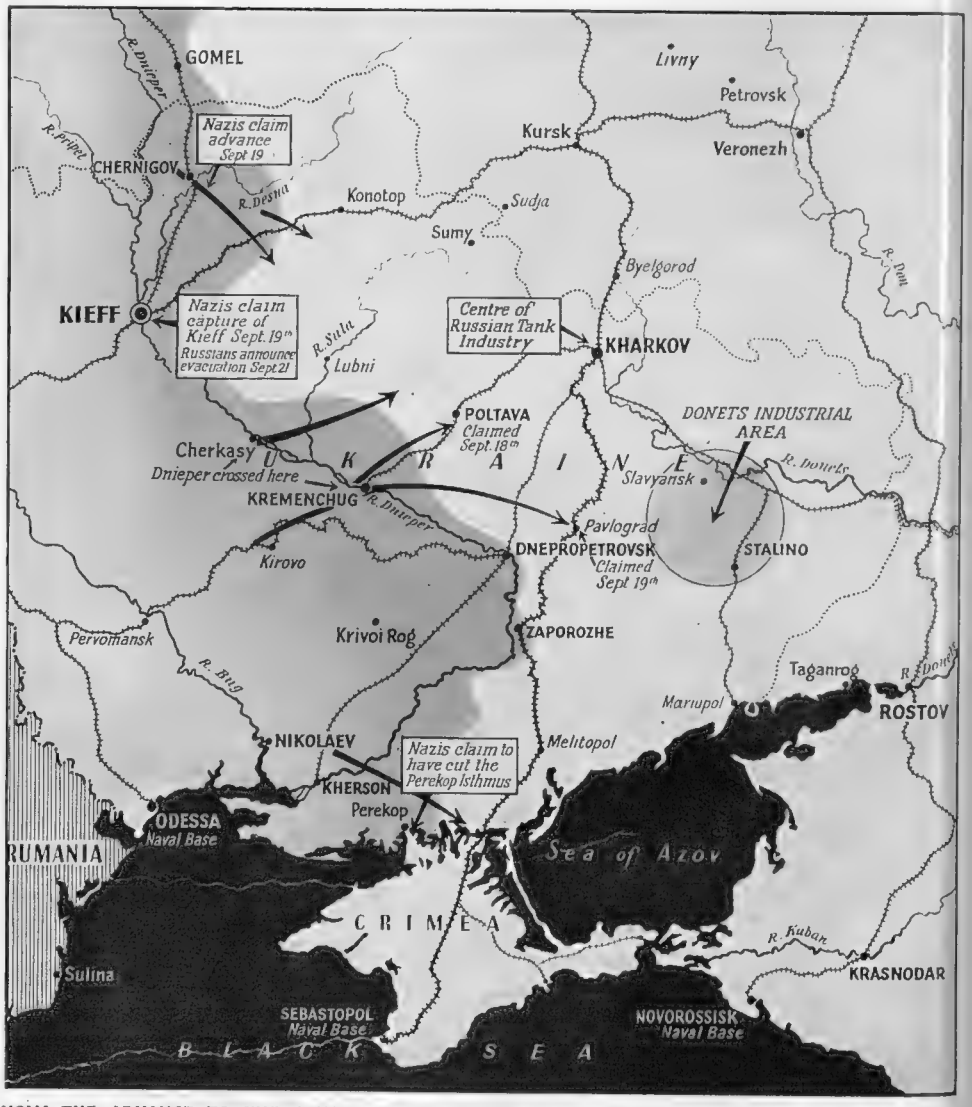
THE PENINSULA OF THE CRIMEA

LONG before it became known to history, the Crimea is said to have been an island: now, bounded on its western and southern shores by the Black Sea, and on the east by the Sea of Azov, with its inlet arm of the Putrid Sea, it is joined to the mainland by the Isthmus of Perekop, 17 miles long and only 5 miles in width, so that, when one travels along it, the seas on either side look as if the first storm would bring them rushing together.

Balaclava! Like many other people, the name was associated in my mind with the Charge of the Light Brigade and a green, rolling plain, but when we had stood for a moment on the slope where those British soldiers thundered to their death, and then, turning a corner of the road, came to the village on the bay, I caught my breath, almost stunned by the blueness of the waters and by the beauty of the towering cliffs, the little sun-baked Tartar village, the golden ruins of the Genoese fortress frowning down on it.

Farther up the coast towards Sebastopol lies the ancient city of Cherson, built originally by colonists from Bithynia, turned by the Romans into a great military camp, and then made the capital of the Crimea, when the latter became a dependency of the Greek Byzantine Empire. Besieged by Vladimir, Prince of Kiev, the city fell to the invading armies, and it was here that the Little Red Sun of Russia was baptised in the Orthodox faith.

There are only two big main roads in the Crimea, the one leading to Simferopol, the other from Sebastopol, with its matchless harbour and golden-domed churches, leading across the plains, past Inkerman, the ruined city of caves, winding slowly up the mountains until at last it comes out between great overhanging rocks above the shining expanse of sea and, twisting and turning, past what seem impossibly sharp corners, brings one to Yalta.



HOW THE ADVANCE TO THE CRIMEA WAS MADE BY THE NAZIS: From Gomel in the north the German armies have obviously been working to a plan for the cutting-off of the Crimea and the approach to Kharkov and the Donetz region. How this plan has operated is brought out in the map reproduced above. Kiev fell, according to the Germans, on the 19th, following on the fall of Poltava on the preceding day. Then came a thrust eastward towards Pavlograd, which was claimed by the Germans on the 19th, coincident with the fall of Kiev. With this eastward thrust Kharkov and the Donetz area became directly menaced. Farther to the south both road and rail communications between the Crimea and Russia proper were cut by the Germans, and the peninsula is now isolated from the landward side

In the centre of the fruitful valley of Bayadere—called the Tauric Arcadia—lies the old Tartar city of Bakhchi Sarai, founded by Batu in 1245, later on becoming the capital of Crim Tartary—or Little Tartary—ruled by the Khans of the Genghis line. Not far from Bakhchi Sarai is Schaufout Kaleh, the almost deserted city and burial-ground of the Kharaim Jews, direct descendants of the tribe of Judah, who, imprisoned in Babylon, contrived to escape, and having wandered through Armenia and across the Caucasus, finally settled in the Crimea. A few of their descendants still live at Bakhchi Sarai

Meriel Buchanan

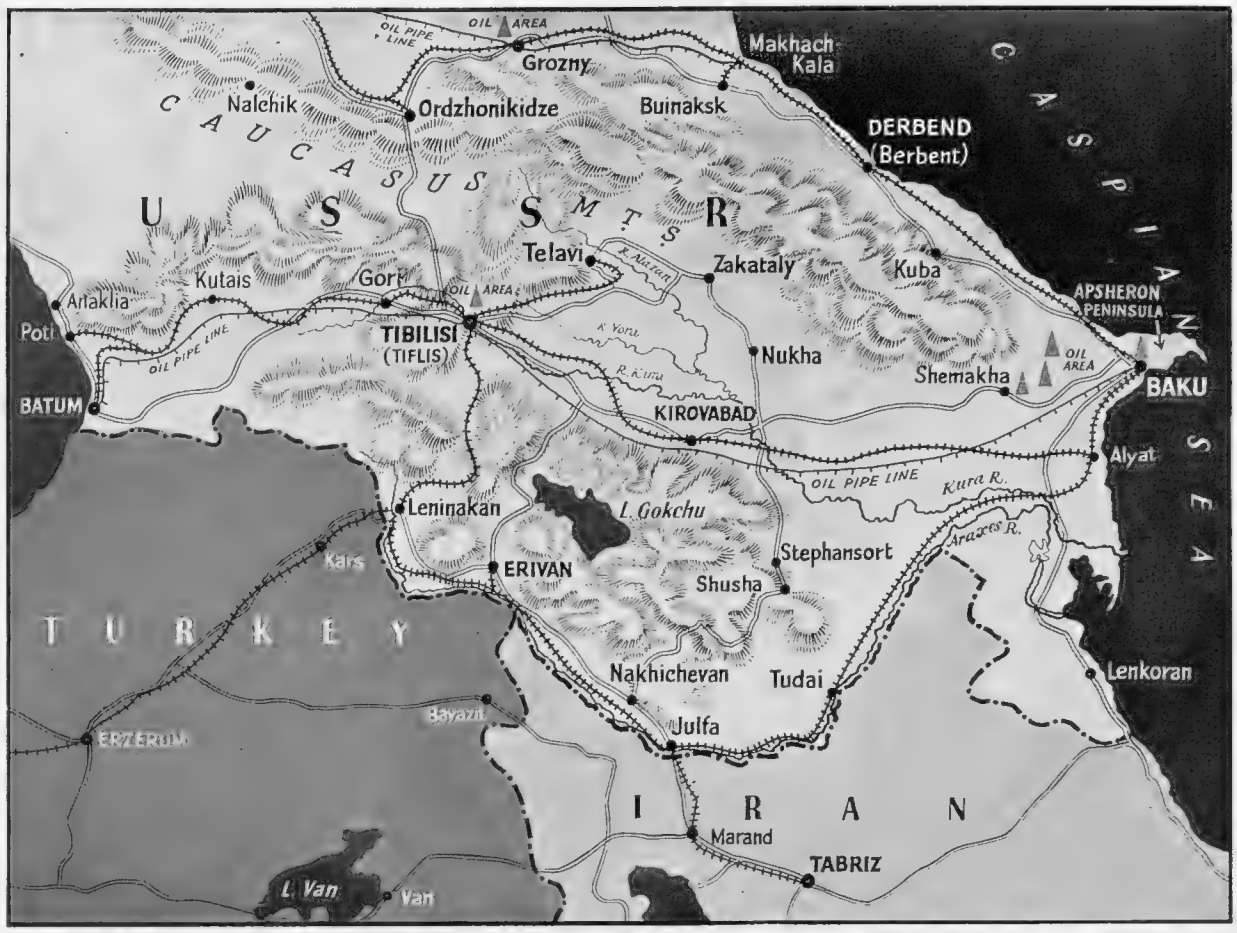
THE CAUCASUS

Rigours of the Russian Winter

Russia now produces about 30,000,000 tons of crude oil a year, about one-tenth of the world's production, all of which is of high quality, but 70 per cent. still comes from the old Baku oilfields, which have been intensively operated for over forty years. The importance attached by Russia to their defence, and by Germany to their conquest, is thus understandable, for 90 per cent. of the refining capacity of the country is centred in the Caucasus, mainly on the outskirts of Baku and Grozny. The chief oilfields of the Caucasus, yielding about 23,000,000 tons a year, are grouped in the Baku district, or near the Apsheron peninsula, where some twelve separate pools are believed to hold a reserve of about 1,250,000,000 tons of oil, approximating 50 per cent. of the total calculated reserves of Russia.

Next in importance comes the Grozny oilfields in the Terek province, where several separate pools, yielding at a rate of over 2,700,000 tons a year, have estimated reserves of about 150,000,000 tons of oil.

The products of the great Baku and Grozny refineries are either shipped across the Caspian to the mouth of the Volga, or transported by rail or pipe-line to the interior, or to the Black Sea ports of Batoum, Novorossisk or Touapse, where large tank storage is established. Several years ago it was stated that approximately 12,000,000 tons a year were carried by 15,000 tank cars on the railways, 10,000,000 tons by 33 tankers and some



THE CAUCASUS REGION BETWEEN THE BLACK SEA AND THE CASPIAN: It is within this region that the oil-bearing fields are found. These are obviously the goal of the Germans in their advance to the south-east. This area and its potentialities are fully described in the accompanying article by Mr. Beeby Thompson

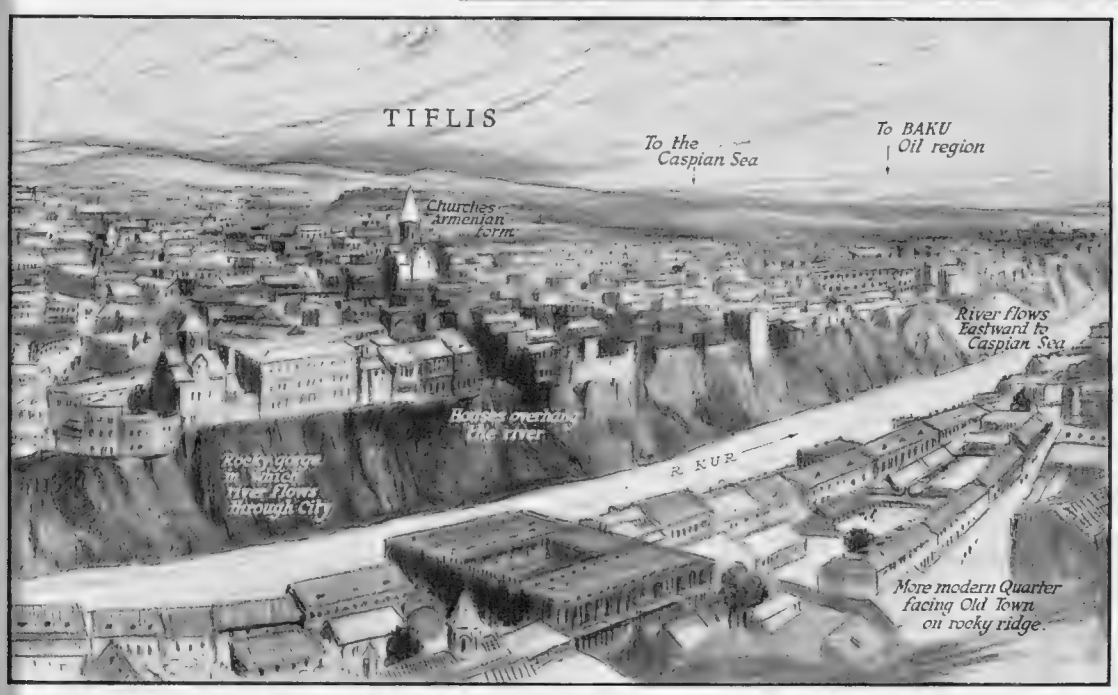
hundreds of barges on the Caspian and the waterways, and 6,000,000 tons were conveyed by trunk pipe-lines, aggregating about 2,700 miles in length.

The Baku-Batoum pipe-line follows for 560 miles the route of the Transcaucasian Railway, which runs along the valley of the Kura on a gentle gradient nearly to Tiflis, lying at 1,350 ft. For some distance from Baku the country is mainly barren, arid wastes due to low rainfall, intense summer heat and gaseous or salty emanations. Violent dust storms sweep the region at all seasons, and in Baku train services are often stopped by the drifts of sand, which collect in the streets. Beyond Tiflis the ascent is steeper until the Suram Pass is reached at nearly 3,000 ft., and green herbage and forests replace the bare hillsides which predominate on the north side. The descent to Poti and Batoum on the Black Sea involves innumerable sharp curves along the valleys and gorges of the River Rion. The pipe-line is furnished with nineteen pump-stations, spaced to secure the transmission of oil to the Divide, after which the oil flows by gravity, with suitable breaks at intervals to relieve the pressure.

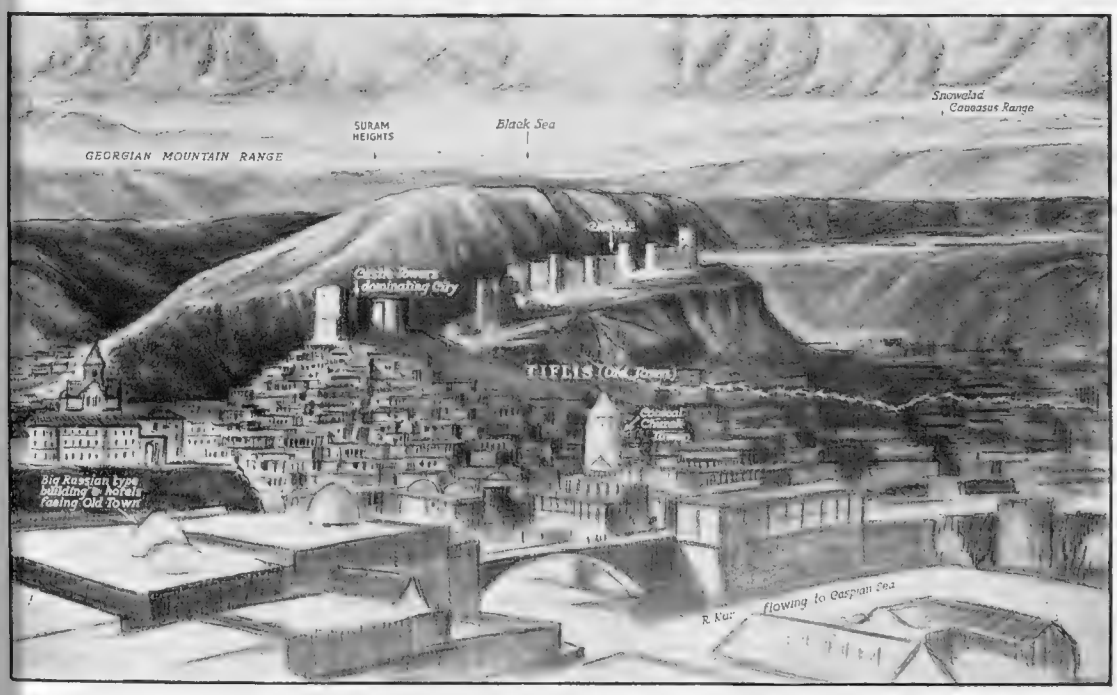
In contrast with the arid district of Baku the Grozny oilfields lie on pleasant, cultivated, foothill country within sight of the snow-capped mountains and within easy reach of some delightful watering-places like Kislovodsk (acid water) and Piatigorsk.

The Caucasus provides some of the most superb scenery in the world, and the Georgian military road across the range between Tiflis and Ordzhonikidze, at the very foot of Kasbak (16,800 ft.), can find no equal for grandeur in Europe. In winter the pass is blocked by snowdrifts which literally fill valleys, and without the protection of the avalanche shields the road would be dangerous for a large part of the year.

A. Beeby Thompson



THE CITY OF TIFLIS, CAPITAL OF THE CAUCASUS, built on a rocky gorge above the River Kur which runs through the city: The houses in places overhang the stream, rising up in terraces on the hillside



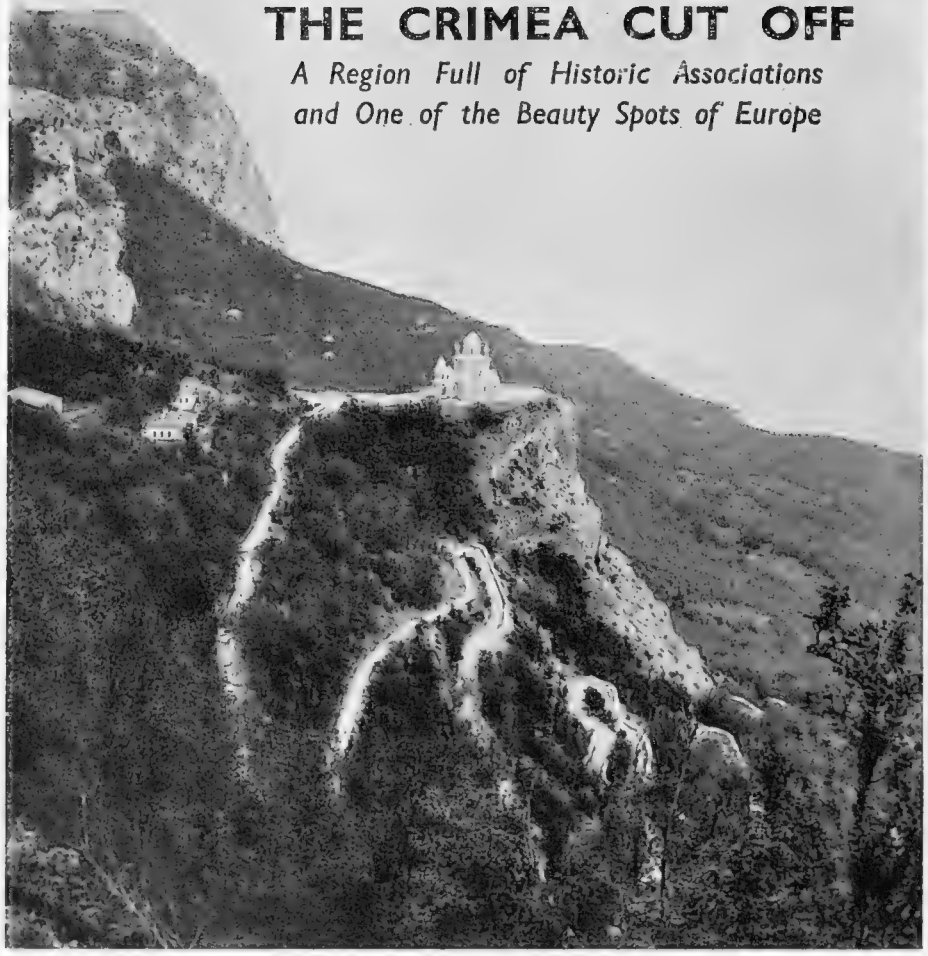
TIFLIS, FAMOUS CITY OF THE CAUCASUS—*Two Drawings by Percy Horne*

This city is now becoming a strategic centre, as it lies midway on the Baku pipe-line. Railway and pipe-line both pass through Tiflis together: and both have to climb the mountain barriers, as no tunnels are permitted hereabouts by the U.S.S.R.

TIFLIS, the historic capital of the Georgian Princes, became a city of Czarist Russia in 1802 and during the nineteenth century was greatly developed, many handsome buildings in the Russian style being erected in the more modern quarter of the city. The old Georgian part of the capital lies under the shadow of the surrounding hills, on which are perched the bastions of ancient castles. These lend a picturesque air to the general appearance of Tiflis, but its most distinguishing feature is the rocky gorge through which the River Kur flows on its way to the Caspian Sea. Official buildings, churches and domestic buildings are perched above this rocky ridge, in some cases actually overhanging the stream; at the centre of the town the river is 1,165 ft. above sea-level. The surrounding heights rise 300 or 400 ft. above this level. The population has been largely Armenian, a fact which accounts for the number of churches built in the characteristic Armenian form with central tower and conical cap. Several of these are shown in the adjacent drawings. Tiflis is now notable as lying midway on the oil pipe-line to Batoum and as the birthplace of Commissar Stalin

THE CRIMEA CUT OFF

A Region Full of Historic Associations and One of the Beauty Spots of Europe



OVERLOOKING THE CRIMEAN BATTLEFIELD AT SEBASTOPOL—the famous Baidary Gate: Above the beautiful Baidar Valley, at a height of 1,700 ft., is the Baidary Gate, erected here in 1848. This Pass is a point of vantage from which the south coast of the Crimea opens out in full view. The road wends its way downward in long zigzags from this point

IN THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SEBASTOPOL: Soon after its foundation in 1783, this port was called on to withstand the severe siege of 1854. Many years later, in 1905, it witnessed the revolt of the Black Sea Fleet against the Tsar

THE LIVADIA PALACE AT YALTA, NOW A WORKERS' REST CENTRE: Yalta was one of Russia's greatest health resorts, and the Livadia Palace one of its most famous buildings. To-day, and for years past, the Palace has been a sanatorium and health resort for Soviet workers

THE TOWN AND FORTRESS OF SEBASTOPOL ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF THE CRIMEA: The harbour at this spot is one of the best in the whole of Russia; it is of great extent and is capable of accommodating the largest European fleets. As one of the bases, if not the principal base, of the Black Sea Fleet, its occupation by the Germans might prove a serious blow for the Soviet

THE TOWN OF YALTA, principal health resort of Soviet Russia: Formerly one of the playgrounds of the Tsars and the holiday resort of the former Russian aristocracy, to-day Yalta is thronged with workers from all parts of the Soviet territory recuperating after illness or enjoying a holiday awarded for their devotion to duty. Its climate equals that of the Riviera, and its scenery is amongst the finest in Europe

THE PALACE OF THE EMIR OF BUKHARA AT YALTA

By the cutting of its landward communications, the Crimea is now separated from the rest of Russia. For long it has occupied a foremost place among the outstanding beauty spots of Europe; and for many years it has served as a base for the Russian Black Sea Fleet. The Germans now command its two principal landward approaches; and it is not unlikely that an expedition from Bulgaria may be launched against this favoured spot. Its capture and subjugation would certainly help the enemy in his designs on the oil-bearing regions of the Caucasus lying to the east of the Crimea

TANKS in the WESTERN DESERT

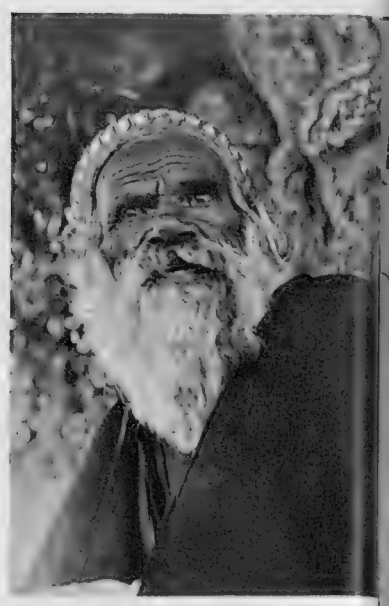
A FAMOUS CAVALRY REGIMENT TRY OUT THEIR NEW AMERICAN TANKS IN THE DESERT: The tanks arriving on the testing-ground, prior to being handed over

A STRIKING PICTURE FROM TOBRUK: An armoured car manned with a captured Italian Breda gun: There are many points of interest about this picture. To begin with, the armoured car has become part of the "static" defences of Tobruk, or, in other words, it has sacrificed its mobility for greater precision. During the battles around Smolensk, in Russia, it was reported that the Russians had used many of their tanks in a similar fashion. The crew of this car have dug sleeping and living quarters for themselves beneath their vehicle—a good protection from light shells or shell-splinters. The Breda gun, which was captured from the enemy, is now being used in the anti-aircraft defence of the town and harbour. And, lastly, in the distance, a vessel (probably bringing supplies into Tobruk) is seen anchored off the port, despite the persistence of enemy dive-bombers

KICKING UP A DUST: The new tanks are taken over by an Irish Cavalry Regiment and put to severe tests: A famous Irish Cavalry Regiment have just taken delivery of some of the new American tanks which have been reaching the Middle East in good numbers. These are of a somewhat different type to those now being turned out in Britain: they seem to stand much higher, and have a shorter wheel-base. But there are no doubts about either their speed or effectiveness in action. As soon as the tanks were put in the hands of the Cavalry Regiment, their drivers were streaking across the desert and throwing up the sand as they put the new vehicles to the test

A Kurd from the East : Once a guard on Persia's frontier and mountain passes, and now an agriculturist

In the North-East of Persia, one finds mixtures of Iran and Mongol races, especially on the edge of the high Plateau. The people here are agriculturists and breed horses : they have scarcely been touched by modern progress



An old Dervish type : The country abounds with such, whose occupations are begging and charlatanry

THE LAND OF HOTCH-POTCH RACES

A Description of Life in Iran and of the 15,000,000 People who Populate that Country

Described by W. ROBERT FORAN

THOSE Europeans who have an intimate knowledge of the ancient land of Persia find considerable difficulty in thinking of that country under the modern name of Iran. They do not take kindly to this change, any more than the heterogeneous people of Persia honestly enjoyed or easily assimilated the well-intentioned reforms thrust upon them by the recently abdicated Shah, Riza Khan Pahlevi.

Iran is a land of extremes : climate, terrain, and hotch-potch races. In the summer the plains are unbearable in the noonday heat ; in the winter you may discover the identical spot deeply buried under snow and swept by an icy blast of intolerable severity. Spring and autumn are the ideal months in Iran. Bandar Abbas, the port on the Persian Gulf, claims to suffer the most blistering heat of any spot in the Gulf—and that is saying a very great deal ! The heat radiates down from the ridge of high mountains in concentrated flames of hate, withering and scorching every living thing : all that is touched, and even the air breathed, seems red-hot. That is summer in Bandar Abbas. In the winter months the climate is voted as ideal by the European residents.

The character of the terrain in the country is also one of extremes. There are high, rugged, barren, rocky and snow-capped mountain ranges ; vast and fertile valleys ; huge expanses of flat plains of grass ; and frightening stretches of sandy desert wastes. The arid Dasht-i-Lut and the Great Salt Deserts form the core of Iran. They are roughly enclosed between the highlands around Meshed and Teheran in the north ; Hamadan, Kashan, Ispahan, Yezd, Kerman and Bam in the west ; Khar, Kain, Birjund and Bundan in the east ; and the mountains overlooking Bandar Abbas in the Straits of Ormuz, and the town of Bampur in the south. The Great Salt Desert in the northern area, owing to the large quantity of water flowing in from the main range of mountains, is nothing less than a huge salt swamp, which constitutes a terrible source of danger to camel caravans traversing this region. The Iranians know it as *Lut*. That word is the correct Arabic form for the name of the Biblical patriarch, Lo The Dasht-i-Lut lies chiefly in the province of Khorassan—a barren, desolat treacherous and inhospitable waste of immense size. Not a tree or blad of grass comforts the aching eyes with a welcome touch of green. The is no vegetation ; no form of life ; only a wide, dead, flat desert of sand stretching mile upon monotonous mile to the gaunt hills upon the horizo and which enclose it. The sandy waste is as unbroken and featureless a the ocean. This core of Iran is just oceans of sand, utter desolation an endless mirages ; and it impresses the European traveller, if not the Iranian as being something which is evil and askew.

The heterogeneous nature of the fifteen million people populating Ira is rarely understood by other than those wit intimate knowledge of the country. Many differen races go to the making of the Iranian peopl There are the Kurds, the Lurs, the hillmen of th Pusht-i-Kuh range of mountains on the Iraq fro tier, the Arabs of Persian Arabistan (Muhammerah the Bushiris of the Persian Gulf, the Mazanderan along the shore of the Caspian Sea, the Beluchis o Persian Beluchistan, the Armenians and the Ci cassians. For full measure there are also the noma pastoralist tribe of Baktiaris, some nomad Turk of Kuphan, and also Iranians of Arab descent Kain, in the province of Khorassan ; a few Pars still faithful to their native land, the Persian Jew a considerable Russian and Turkoman colony Bandar Gaz, on the Caspian Sea, and various less sections of the community.

There exists no genuine national unity in Ira Indeed, it would be a miracle if such ever can to pass, in view of the country's immense si (628,000 square miles) and the lack of adequa communications throughout the interior. The near approach to national unity, perhaps, is the religio of Iran. Iranians are Moslems of the Shiah sec We are prone to judge a country and its people b the dwellers in cities or towns, while ignoring th claims to equal recognition of the farmer, peasan and country-dweller. The real soul of a nation i not the sole monopoly of the townspeople. Trav about the interior of Iran awakens the European t the realisation that it is a country without genuin unity in customs, ambitions and general politica thoughts. The people of Iran are a mixed amalga mation of races and tribes, devoid of real bonds o affinity or semblance of cohesion to bind them int a nation, widely scattered and rarely in contact, an enjoying diversified interests in life.

The stiffest task confronting Riza Khan Pahlev when he set about the work of reforming a decade

THE MODERN EDUCATED IRANIAN OF THE TOWNS : This man is engaged on clerical work : so complicated is the currency in Iran that most of the commercial houses use calculating machines such as that shown here

A Battery Commander in the modern Iran Army : He fought with the Turks during the Great War

A Townsman of Iran, with probably negro blood from slave ancestors. To-day he is completely Europeanised

A Foreman-worker, whose physiognomy exhibits marked traces of mixed Iranian and Semitic blood

The street-watch in a Persian Provincial town, wearing the typical felt c encountered throughout Iran

HOW THE 15,000,000 INHABITANTS OF IRAN ARE GROUPED : "Many different races go to the making of the Iranian people," writes Mr. Foran in his accompanying article. This map shows how the 15,000,000 inhabitants are dispersed : two millions belong to nomad tribes which range over wide areas, and the principal racial groups are Kurds, Lurs, Turks, Arabs and Beluchis

Typical Jews of Shiraz, the important city in Southern Iran

country, was undoubtedly that of stamping out tribalism. The people of Iran fell into, roughly speaking, two definite categories : the highly civilised inhabitants of the cities, towns and settled areas, who retained a literary and artistic culture, also cherished the works of Firdausi and Omar Khayyám ; and the various uncivilised tribesmen, partly nomad and mainly predatory, in whose territories there was semblance of neither law nor order. They knew little of the poetry of Firdausi and Omar Khayyám ; had little consciousness of Persia's ancient history and former greatness ; and the names of the old national heroes were not familiar to their tongues.

By immemorial custom, law and order in Persia ceased to exist outside the townships and settled areas. All forms of anarchy, gross tyranny, extortion, bribery, corruption, and insecurity for person and property were endemic ; and robbery with violence was the constant cross of travellers in the interior, for the tribesmen were little more than uncouth mounted brigands.

Prior to Riza Khan Pahlevi's accession to power the nomad tribes at the end of each summer engaged in the hoary custom of setting forth upon the forays that are as the salt of life to them. As interference by the central Government's servants was to be deprecated, the tribesmen generally destroyed considerable lengths of the telegraph lines as a preliminary to these forays ; and this precaution not only afforded them a free hand for their unlawful enterprises, but rendered action by the Government belated, if not utterly impossible.

Riza Khan Pahlevi, with the aid of a paid and better disciplined army, more or less muzzled the rampant brigandage in the interior, suppressed the independence of the tribes and severely rocked the ancient tribalism, and created the framework of a modern centralised State. The clamour for internal reforms came chiefly from the politically minded and intelligentsia in Teheran or the chief towns. The tribes, peasants and country-dwellers were either indifferent, or too accustomed to the old order, to desire change, or felt reforms would cramp their spirit of lawlessness and independence. They resented being Westernised and forced to step into line with the new spirit of reform abroad throughout the land.

There has probably never been a period in the history of Persia when the country was not ruled by a corrupt despotism ; or when the consequences of tax extortions, sheer tyranny and the excesses of the wild tribesmen of the interior did not oppress the masses of Iran. Iran's trade and industries are as diverse as its people ; but they were insufficient to provide the financial means for good government until the oil industry suddenly sprang into being. It now dominates all things in Iran, providing at least a third of Iran's total revenues in the royalties paid to the Government. From the tea and sugar monopolies is obtained an annual revenue of about a million pounds sterling ; but from the rest of Iran's trade and industries, however, there accrues insufficient revenue to help along domestic reforms. Thread-weaving is a comparatively new industry, but holds out great promise. Carpets, hides, astrakan, cotton, gums, pearls and fruit are the main exports ; but they are insignificant in relation to Iran's urgent needs. Opium provides a handsome revenue, but this practically became the Shah's monopoly.

Riza Khan Pahlevi is bluntly accused of despotic rule, gross oppression of the people, extortion for his own personal benefit, and of riding roughshod over law and equity. At least, he has given the Iranians quite good measure for whatever was personally gained by him through exploitation of the country and people. It has been stated that under this Shah's régime the Iranians have been brought to the point of starvation and given nothing in return but gilded palaces. They have been given a great deal more than that. Standing to the credit of Riza Khan Pahlevi are the creation of a first-rate railway connecting the Persian Gulf with the Caspian Sea ; and air service to Teheran ; some first-class roads and many others greatly improved, linking the chief towns and connecting the main caravan routes with the new railway ; various motor road-services between important towns and to neighbouring countries ; sound educational schemes from the kindergarten upwards, and engineering training at the oil-fields for young Iranians ; the erection of factories for development of local industries ; various social and judicial reforms ; a revision of the finance, administration and police services ; the purging of the customs service ; the building up of a small-scale navy and a modern army on a compulsory service basis ; and the general encouragement of the modernisation of Iran along Western lines.

Whatever may have been his own shortcomings, Riza Khan Pahlevi has achieved much for Iran without able coadjutors. Iran is now promised a constitutional form of government by his son, the new Shah Muhammed Riza Pahlevi ; and it now remains to be seen if Parliamentary Government will prove wiser than the abdicated Shah or merely substitute massed plundering of the Iranians for that of a single individual in despotic power.

What modernisation has done : A typical Iranian dandy, very proud of his European clothes

THE INTERIOR OF A GROCER'S SHOP IN AN IRANIAN TOWN : The lamps and mirrors and carpets are comparatively expensive—but they are not for sale ; they are solely for decorative effect

THE R.A.F. RESCUE SERVICE IN THE CHANNEL : One of the high-speed motor-launches approaching a station in mid-Channel to take off a fighter pilot forced down at sea—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"... But THREE of the PILOTS are SAFE ..."

The Work of the R.A.F.'s Own Lifeboat Service

Described by PATRICK HAMILTON

TWO seaside "toys" of a few years back now help in modified form to save the lives of bomber and fighter pilots shot down in the narrow seas round our coasts. One is a development of the American speed-boat which took holiday-makers for a thrilling 30-m.p.h. dash round the pier and back for a shilling. The other is modelled on the inflatable rubber float on which bathing belles used to sun themselves.

The last-war aeroplane, mainly plywood and linen, would float for hours after a crash at sea. Not so the modern metal plane, with its heavier engine and armament. Earlier Fleet Air Arm planes were at one time fitted with emergency flotation balloons capable of keeping the machine afloat for some time. Increasing loads and diminishing free space of the modern plane make this impracticable even for a single-seater fighter. It is in consideration of this that the famous "Mae West" life-jacket (so named from the voluptuous curves it adds to the male torso) is worn by all pilots who operate over the sea.

Until recently this was the only protection the fighter pilot had. Crews of bombers and the larger reconnaissance machines were always better provided for. These planes have a collapsible rubber dinghy, folded about the size of a Gladstone bag, permanently attached to the fuselage. Contrary to popular belief, if such a machine gets into difficulties over the sea the crew do not "bale out"! The pilot makes as good a "landing" as possible and the folded dinghy is then thrown overboard, being attached to the parent craft by two cords. A tug on one acts as a rip-cord, unfolding the dinghy and simultaneously opening the valve of a small cylinder of compressed gas (carbon dioxide) which automatically inflates the dinghy to the correct pressure.

Blocks of dye, in muslin bags, which can be trailed overboard, produce a vivid yellow wake which assists other aircraft to spot the distressed crew in their tiny craft. The larger boats have canvas windscreens and can hold six men. The "cruise record" is held by the crew of a bomber which crashed in the North Sea on July 1, the crew being found in their dinghy, alive though exhausted, on July 9. Airmen not infrequently spend up to forty-eight hours adrift after a crash, but the rescue time is usually much less, due to the excellent co-operation between the air and sea arms of the rescue service. For the fighter pilot, the parachute is still the first line of escape, but a one-man dinghy is now incorporated in the seat harness of the parachute gear.

Having baled out, the pilot makes a normal descent until just about to "land," when he operates the quick-release gear of the parachute, and pulls the rip-cord of the dinghy seat-pack. The fighter pilot's dinghy is also automatically gas-inflated, though a much less elaborate affair than that fitted to the bomber. Its behaviour is said by those who have tried it to be decidedly capricious, and the cautionary label—"Enter by the Stern"—can only be disregarded at the price of a ducking.

The motor craft used for the sea arm of the rescue service are direct, but enormously improved, descendants of the seaside speed-boat. About 60 ft. in length, and powered by three 500-h.p. petrol engines, they are capable of speeds up to 30 knots. The engines transmit their power to triple screws and are under the finger-tip control of the helmsmen—an important point since throttle control is an essential part of the technique by which they are brought through bad weather at high speeds in a fashion amazing to the older generation of seamen.

The crew numbers about six, being R.A.F. ratings, not Navy men, and handle their craft with skill and dash fully the equal of that shown by their comrades in the air. Sea-keeping qualities of the boats are remarkable for their size—it has even been claimed for them that they will out-weather a destroyer—and there is no recorded instance of any rescue boat having to abandon its mission through stress of weather alone.

The earlier boats were unarmed, but repeated machine-gun attacks by the enemy, led to later craft being fitted with defensive machine-guns in aeroplane-type turrets. Another refinement of experience is a short rope ladder with rungs of enormous width (about a quarter of the length of the boat) which is hung overside to assist the rescued men to climb aboard.

Despite the phrase "narrow seas," our coastal waters are wide enough to make a rubber dinghy a highly inconspicuous object, as any yachtsman will testify. If the rescue launches had to rely on their own range of vision, the number of airmen rescued would only be a fraction of what it is. Vital help is given by reconnaissance aircraft, usually a Westland Lysander, affectionately known to pilots in general as "Lizzie."

From the bomb-racks attached to the wheel "spats," canisters containing food, flares or a larger dinghy can be slung, to be dropped when the wrecked crew are sighted.

EACH DAY THE RESCUE FLOATS ARE VISITED, in good weather or bad. It is often a very tricky business to take off a pilot from the float in a choppy sea

THE KIT OF A STRATOSPHERE FLYER

"FOUNDATION GARMENTS": Before the airman dons his outer coverings, warm sweaters and double socks are put on in order to retain as much natural body-heat as possible

DONNING THE ELECTRICALLY-HEATED SUIT: This goes on over sweater, double socks and battle-dress jacket. Then will come parachute, flying helmet and other equipment

THE ELECTRICALLY-WARMED GLOVES PLUG INTO THE SLEEVE: The lower plug is the main connection for the whole suit

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE HIGH-ALTITUDE FLYER: All the items worn by a Flying Fortress airman

It is now known that some of our British bombers—notably the Flying Fortresses—fly at fantastically high altitudes, often reaching the "sub-stratosphere" at 35,000 ft. The drop in temperature at such levels is so great that a special kit has been evolved for the airmen participating. Ordinary clothing, no matter how much of it is worn, is of little use; and, in consequence, resort has been made to electrically-heated suits such as those shown in this series of official pictures. These suits are "plugged in" in much the same way as an electric stove, the wrists and hands in particular being kept warm in specially heated gloves

On right—Two pairs of socks are an essential item

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Archæological Finds at All Hallows; Old Cartridges and Old Clothes

ALL HALLOWS—A NOTABLE DISCOVERY.—On December 8 last, a H.E. bomb blasted the east wall of the Church of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower, and three weeks later the Church was gutted by enemy-sent fire. The ruined arches and pillars—all that remained of a famous City Church in which, under various restorations, worship had been carried on continuously for more than 1,000 years—were found to be unsafe and were pulled down. In this final clearance two really important archæological discoveries were made. The first was an arch of the original Saxon Church, which is almost the only important relic of a Saxon building in London. The second discovery was of a shaft of a Saxon Cross, which experts date at about 1050 and judge to be English work of an unknown London "school."

Its detail includes figures of Saints (perhaps Peter and Paul), a vine scroll, and an inscription bearing the name (or near it) of Earconwald, Bishop of London and founder of the Abbey of Barking, *circa* 670. The work of the arch is considered to be that of skilled masons of the pre-Danish period, and its features resemble closely those of the famous church of Brixworth (Northants.).

I have received a most scholarly booklet prepared by Mr. Charles Spon, and admirably illustrated by Mr. A. A. Moore, on the history of this famous Church, and it has deeply interested me. The Vicar is Mr. P. B. Clayton. He believes that, with the help of those who care for glorious English traditions, his church will rise again and the continuity of worship at old Berkyngechirche—which escaped the seventeenth-century Fire of London—will not be permanently ended by the Huns of 1940. The new building will be able to incorporate much that is of first-rate archæological importance, and will enshrine also the dust and bones and glory of what is best in the English character from 640 to 1940.

Life of a Cartridge.—In the bad old days, I was wont to indulge one of those many "damnable heresies" which added to the expense of living. I used to reject last year's cartridges, when the new shooting season began, and treat this balance as fit only for vermin.

No doubt the art of cartridge manufacture has steadily improved in recent years, and the big combines have standardised a cheap cartridge, *inside*, at least, quite equal to the best available in older days. But I doubt if at any time in my life a good cartridge deteriorated much, even after five years. Its liability to dampness remains as great as ever. Even in a dry house, a box of cartridges will swell from dampness in a month of summer to such an extent as to be unusable without risk of damage to the ejector.

But that swelling can be cured quickly by setting the box on a hot-water tank. The powder efficiency in no way suffers. In recent years I have used cartridges as much as fifteen years old, and found them as effective as new ones, and last year I used up on pheasants a *cache* of old cartridges bought on leave during the last Great War, with normal results. What is true of sporting cartridges is not less true of military cartridges. I bought some ·32 cartridges in 1918-19, during the occupation of the Rhineland, and I used them for revolver practice the other day and made quite a respectable pattern. Not one misfired. These cartridges were at least twenty-five years old.

Old Clo'.—Some of us, in our zeal, are positively fanatical in obeying the requests of the Government. Our duty as good citizens in wartime requires, for example, that we should wear out our old clothes, and resist the temptation to buy (if we have the means) new ones. Now among menfolk the wearing out of old clothes is often less a virtue of necessity and an act of patriotism than a private vice and cherished passion. In my own experience, this vice is very prevalent among whilom-wealthy lairds and squires. I have a brother-in-law whose habitual pre-war wear at home in Scotland was an ancestral kilt of shreds and patches which retained only two square inches of the original tartan. There was a good story, once popularly known, of another relation of mine, who, with his spouse, was famous for the shabbiness of his clothes. A young débutante in the Edwardian age was sitting watching a cricket match with a son of this noble couple, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Look at those funny old tramps coming on to the ground. What interest can *they* have in cricket?" "Oh," said the young man, "that's father and mother. Come and be introduced." There were four sons of this marriage, all of an age to go to balls in London during the Edwardian seasons, and it was popularly believed that they shared a single evening suit and wore it *in shifts* (if you take my meaning) each night Certainly, I remember them riding in the Row in the then equivalent of boiler-suits.

This vice, or virtue, after two years of war, is fast growing upon me. My clothes have always worn well, and it is years and years since I bought a new suit. My best evening tail-coat bears the date 1912. My morning tail-coat (which I presume I shall never be called on to wear again) is thirty years old also.

And I write these lines wearing a shooting-coat built for me at Oxford in 1905. Upon it I have of late been practising an art which I very much enjoy, the art of tapestry work. It is one of the few things I do rather well, and therefore enjoy doing. I wish all war duties and patriotic duties were as easy and pleasant as wearing an old coat with grace and dignity.

"Justice the Root of Patriotism."—In the *Oxford Book of English Prose* there is quoted under the above heading, as example of Sydney Smith's style, a passage from his *The Judge that Smites Contrary to the Law*. I have not been able to turn up the reference, but clearly his words were the basis of an Assize Sermon preached soon after the downfall of Napoleon.

It is worth reading the chosen passage in the *Oxford Book*, because of all the daily extracts, *old but true*, which we have read during the war, none strikes me as so utterly true and apt as this: "This is what is called country. Equal rights to unequal possessions, equal justice to the rich and poor: this is what men come out to fight for and to defend. . . . The sword of ambition is shivered against such a bulwark. Nations fall where judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated, but they rise as we have risen and shine as we have shone, and die as we have died, too much used to justice, and too much used to freedom, to care for that life which is not just and free. . . . These attributes of justice do not end with arranging your conflicting rights, and mine; they give strength to the English people, duration to the English name; they turn the animal courage of this people into moral and religious courage, and present to the lowest of mankind reasons and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without, and bind themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth."

I think we talk too much of fighting for freedom, freedom of thought, speech, action, within the law. It is possible to throw doubt on the extent of your freedom in these matters, even in times of piping peace. But on our concept and our practice of national justice, no national and no alien ever throws serious doubt. That is accepted throughout civilisation as our chief and most precious heirloom and, in an imperfect world, as perfect a national institution as the earth can show. And if it seemed so to Sydney Smith in 1815 or 1816, what should it not mean and seem to us in 1941?

From time immemorial it is justice first, and freedom afterwards, for which peoples have prayed, and I make no doubt that Sydney Smith was right and that his words are still true as ever, and that justice is the root of patriotism, and our patriotism. It is a truth and a pointer which should be daily and anxiously studied.

J. G.

AMERICANS SET UP NURSERIES IN ENGLAND: Blitzed babies where Lindbergh formerly stayed in Kent: Long Barn, in the Sevenoaks Weald, is a beautiful fifteenth-century house where Mr. Lindbergh was grateful to live before he discovered his present anti-British bias. It is now a home for bombed children from London—all of them under five years of age. Long Barn is one of the new residential nurseries established here and maintained by the people of the United States under the Save the Children Fund. Parcels of clothes, etc., have reached the children from America, South Africa, New Zealand and Canada. The children have medical and dental inspections once a month. Wonders have been done in bringing them back to health and happiness after their terrible experiences in the London Blitz

GIRL GUIDES TAKE UP FORESTRY WORK IN THE WEST COUNTRY: Contingents of Girl Guide Rangers and Guiders are now in the West Country helping to clear the timber. Clearing the undergrowth of the forest land is essential to allow for the sturdy, straight growth of the young saplings. Here the Guides are seen at work, cutting down the bracken and foliage

THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THE WONDERFUL HOME AT SEVENOAKS OF LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR: Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Dawson Laurie, who will be assuming the Lord Mayoralty in November, is a bachelor, sixty-nine years of age. In the last war he commanded the 2-4th Royal West Kents and was awarded the Croix de Guerre with Palm. Sir John became an alderman in 1931 and was Sheriff of the City of London in 1935-36. He is the owner of a lovely house—Rockdale, at Sevenoaks, in Kent—the magnificent garden of which is shown in the above picture

A MOBILE CANNING UNIT IN KENT: The British War Relief Society of America has presented to the Women's Institutes throughout the country a number of Mobile Canning Units. These vans are sent to villages where there is a surplus of home-grown products, so that the villagers can bring in their produce and can it on the spot. Afterwards it is sold to retailers for distribution in other districts. This picture was taken in a Kentish village

A REAL FARMING FAMILY IN EAST SUSSEX: The Carr family have been farming in this area for five generations, and look like carrying on the tradition for many more! Seven children do all the work on Springburn Farm; Jim, the eldest, is twenty-eight, Tom is twenty-one, Betty, nineteen, Norman, fifteen, Pop, thirteen, Graham, eleven, David, eight and Patricia, six. Apart from the general farm work and helping with the harvest, Betty also does a milk round, and Tom is an expert in the care of cows. Here the whole family (and one over for good measure!) are stacking sheaves on to a cart on their farm

LAND-GIRLS THRESH THE CORN IN KENT: There are over 150,000 acres to be threshed this season in Kent and the crops are, generally speaking, much heavier than they were last year. To each threshing unit—which moves from farm to farm—a gang of four land-girls has been allotted. At this farm near Paddock Wood the threshing gang is composed of four sisters, two of whom are twins. They are Constance, Joan, Joy and Peggy Pilgrim, and all are fine examples of the type to be found in the Women's Land Army

CHILDREN STOCK THE NATION'S LARDER AT FRENSHAM: The younger generation, which has already proved itself most useful in the harvest field, is now rallying to gather the hedgerow harvest of blackberries and other wild fruit. At Frensham, in Surrey, the children have been organised into parties and are thoroughly enjoying their useful job

AMERICAN NURSES AT WORK IN BRITAIN: The first hospital ever to be transhipped across the Atlantic is the American Red Cross and Harvard Hospital for Communicable Diseases. Twenty-two nurses from the U.S. have come here to staff it. The Harvard University are providing £25,000 a year for research work, and are sending ten medical men and nineteen research experts. The hospital is composed of sectionalised buildings erected on foundations prepared in a southern county. Field units will go to any part of the country where there is an outbreak of any rare disease. This picture shows nurses and male staff setting out to explore the English countryside

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SIX-COURSE LITERARY MENU

A Hilton Hero Loses His Memory; A Novel of Dunkirk; Canon Hannay's Elusive Susie; Another Gestapo Horror Story; C. E. Vulliamy's Variegated Puffins; The Best of Low

THE schizophrenetic theme is nowadays a fashion in fiction, especially since the novelists began to deal in war neurosis. It is, of course, one of the oldest story-telling tricks in the world. A close runner-up in antiquity to the lost-memory theme, though this latter may be said to be capable of a wide range of treatment in the hands of a skilled virtuoso.

For a novelist with the acknowledged technical gifts of Mr. James Hilton, the lost-memory theme presents no more difficulties than are inherent in the author's ultimate striving for reality. The character who loses his memory has to be presented not so much as a split-personality, as a person who has led a dual life with the blanket of amnesia to assist the author to give direction and motive to the parallels of what happened before, during and after.

In RANDOM HARVEST (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), Mr. James Hilton's latest novel, Charles Rayner was wounded in 1917, and remembered nothing from that moment until he came-to on a park bench in Liverpool in 1919. It is reasonable to suppose that what happened in those two years would somehow and at some time present complications in future years.

His story is told by one Harrison, a young Cambridge graduate, and it begins with a meeting between him and Rayner in 1937. Rayner by then is in the full flood of a brilliant career in industry, and as a result of a fairly frank talk between them, Harrison becomes his secretary. He also becomes his intimate friend and confidant.

Rayner, with this dark patch of blackout in his life, so welcomes this intimacy as to indulge in frequent egocentric monologues on a purely subjective theme. It was not perhaps the author's intention to present him in this light, for the insistence throughout is on his serious-mindedness, his habitual reserve, and upon the high principles by which he has always been guided.

By a device of technique not unknown in some of the classics of literature, the rest of the pattern of the dual life is revealed. It is all very efficiently and effectively done, and the result is as readable a novel as must be expected from so popular a novelist. How far Mr. James Hilton is able to convince the average novel reader of the reality, in human terms, of his central character, is for the average reader to decide for himself.

THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM, by David Rame (Collins. 8s.), ought to be an exciting book, for in it there is what seems to be an authentic account of the evacuation from Dunkirk.

All that part of it is, in fact, exciting, and sometimes thrilling. The hero commandeers a 30-ft. motor-boat, stocks it with petrol, oil and food in a high-handed and dramatic manner, pinches a Bren-gun, impresses a crew of three, takes her over at night to the Dunkirk beach, and runs the terrible gauntlet of fire in taking off twenty men at a time to the bigger boats. Later on he makes another hazardous journey in another boat, and is wounded by a machine-gunning Nazi from the air.

What is more difficult to take are the embellishments to these adventures. The style is full of strain, as when: "Brandon brought his eye away from the cumulus, running his glance through the young crops that filled half the visible slope between the mill and the turf that bordered the new plough." Brandon goes on to quote Shakespeare at a passing farm labourer, and between them they decide that the situation is desperate. He goes back to London, rings up somebody at the Admiralty, and receives inspiration and comfort from a young lady named Frayle, who is in an A.R.P. post in Hampstead.

After his first trip to Dunkirk, Brendon conveniently finds the soothing Frayle waiting for him on the shore and he is able to relax in her arms, and to be lulled with suitable reflections from the works of Shakespeare and Keats.

All of that and most of the subsequent amorous passages are a little too much. So are the purple patches. It could have been such a good book.

In THE SEARCH FOR SUSIE (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) we find the practised hand of Mr. George A. Birmingham on a modern theme. It is modern in the sense that most of the action takes place in London during the period of the autumn "blitzes" of last year.

The Susie for whom the search proceeds so excitingly is a young Englishwoman who, before the war, had married an Austrian nobleman. Fortunately she had managed to escape from Austria and to return to the country of her birth, but, naturally, as an enemy alien, she was marked down for internment. The hero is an important Civil Servant, whose job it is to organise and to supervise the internment of aliens. His part in the search for Susie has the double motive of restoring her to her distracted parents and, of course, of interning her when he cops her.

Another person intimately concerned with her whereabouts is a British Secret Service agent, who has his own personal reasons for wanting to find her. Susie leads them all a dance in and out of shelters, through the worst "blitzed" parts of the town, and is ultimately rounded-up by the police.

Canon Hannay knows very well how to tie up the ends of an exciting story of pursuit such as this, and most efficiently he does so.

Mr. C. E. Vulliamy has been amusing himself with a period piece. A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MONTAGU-PUFFINS (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is not a book easily to be classified. It might be called a social satire, but those who would so lightly label it might also be uncomfortably aware that they were inadequately describing an authentic piece of the history, manners and customs of the nineteenth century.

For Mr. Vulliamy, for all his air of flippancy, and for all the sport he makes of his variegated Puffins, reveals a profound knowledge of the life and times of our ancestors unto the third and fourth generations. That the original Elijah Puffin came by his curious name because his mother was a "light woman" and he born on the wrong side of the bed makes no difference to the fact that he founded the dynasty of successful hatters, and not mad ones at that. That the hatters became substantial and plutocratic industrialists; that in successive generations they broke into the ranks of the ruling classes, that one female member at least became the mistress of royalty, and that they bred soldiers, politicians, poets and courtesans is all part of the sprightly pattern.

It is all very good entertainment, and now and again downright farce.

The horrors of Dachau and Buchenwald have so often been described that another book on this subject might be said to be one too many. Yet, BY ORDER OF THE GESTAPO, by Peter Wallner (John Murray. 7s. 6d.), deserves attention for its almost dispassionate and objective account of the life of a cultured Jew of past middle age in those dreadful places.

Peter Wallner is a name which conceals the real identity of a well-known and much respected business man of Vienna. Under the Nuremberg laws he was declared to be a Jew, and as such he was arrested and carted off to Dachau.

The interesting thing about this book is the almost spiritual fortitude with which this author, together with other sensitive men of his type, endured the bestialities and cruelties which were inflicted upon them. It seems almost unbelievable that human beings could survive such treatment and retain balance and sanity.

Low has long been recognised to be the most brilliant, the most hard-hitting and the most effective of the cartoonists. The Cresset Press have done a valuable service in collecting some of the best of his work into a book, WAR CARTOONS BY DAVID LOW (6s.). It is significant that the first drawing in the book is the famous one of Hitler and Stalin greeting each other over the prostrate body of Poland with these words: "The Scum of the Earth, I believe?" "The Bloody Assassin of the Workers, I presume?" Low is almost as good a prophet as he is a draughtsman.

CANADIAN JOURNALISTS ARRIVE IN LONDON: A party of Canadians, representative of all the newspapers in the Dominion, arrived in Britain a few days ago as the guests of the British Council. This picture was taken at the Savoy Hotel in London at the luncheon given in their honour: fifth from the left is Mr Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, and on his right is Sir Malcolm Robertson, chairman of the British Council

THE FIRST WOMAN TO BECOME AN A.P.M.: For the first time a woman has just taken over the duties of an Assistant Provost Marshal. She is Asst. Section Officer George of the W.A.A.F. and is working under the Provost Marshal of the R.A.F. A section of women police has been formed to supervise the well-being and discipline of members of the W.A.A.F. and their work is being directed by the new woman A.P.M. Whilst armed with full powers to enforce discipline, the women police are more concerned with giving a helping hand to W.A.A.F. personnel

THE BULGARIAN PEASANT PARTY LEADER IN LONDON: M. Kosta Todoroff is the leader of the party which, at the 1938 general election, was the most powerful in the country. He is now in London: his party in Bulgaria has been suppressed by the pro-German Government, and he got across into Yugoslavia some months ago only just in time to escape execution: his wife and children remain in Bulgaria. To get to London, he has been round the world by way of India, China and the United States. Todoroff is now going to Canada to raise a Free Bulgarian Battalion

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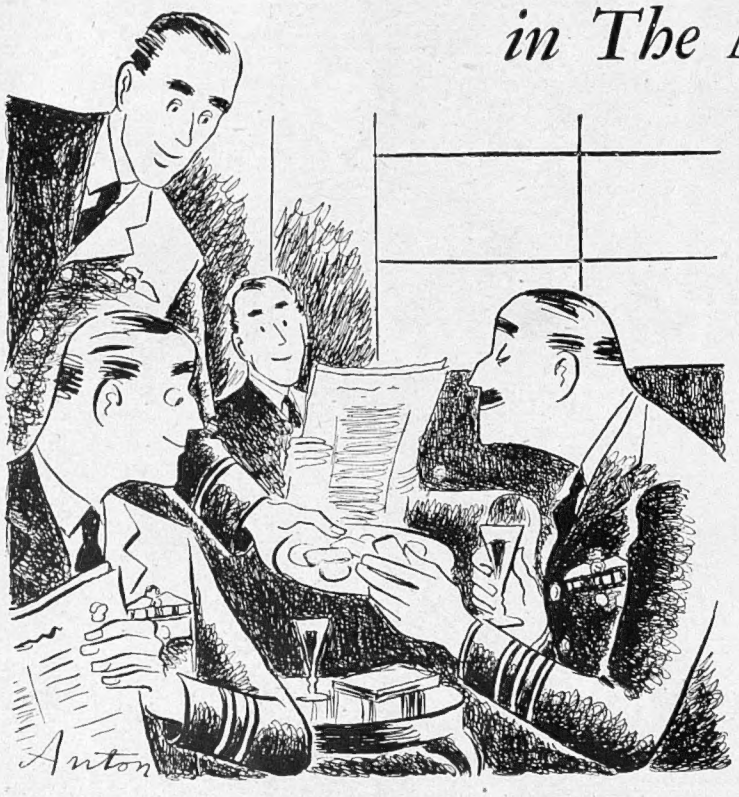

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Owing to rationing of paper and the demand on our editorial pages, it is necessary to omit from time to time Mr. Ashley Courtenay's usual weekly article. We would, however, emphasise that his services are always available for advising SPHERE *readers by post of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted. The undermentioned hotels are personally recommended by him*

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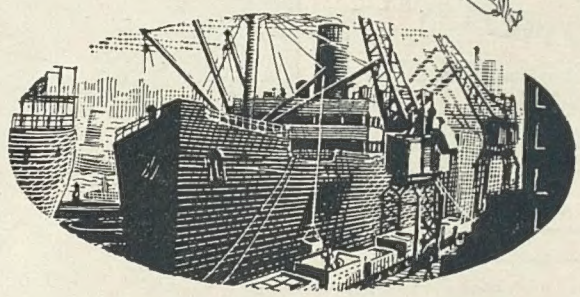

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